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OUR RACE.



HAT is the secret of our country's boasted greatness?

Is it not that worth is recognized no matter where it is found, nor in what dress?

The doors of the White House have swung open to the backwoods child of Kentucky, to the poor boy who drove a mule on a towpath, as well as to the dignified and cultured Father of His Country.

We point with pride to the fact that our nation asks not, who was your father, not how much money or land do you possess; but, who are you? What are you doing for humanity? How do you want to serve your country? This has not always been so, for into the borders of this Land of Freedom there came one day a race of men whose limbs were shackled in slavery. And because this thing existed some people thought that it ought to exist. But the leaders of this country awoke to the fact that the slavery of human beings ruined the lives of the slave, the slave, the ambitions of their masters, and of our country. Then slavery was destroyed. The doors of Education and Citizenship swung open to the Negro.

And the world has been praising this attitude ever since. But, strange to say, these same people who admitted that the Negro was a human being, a man with aspirations and ambitions, still refuse to give him credit for his real worth and do not fail to condemn him because he is a Negro, or because some members of his race are not what they ought to be.

As we look back in the past history of this country we see the Puritan Fathers, who because they could not worship as they wanted to, came to this country. And although the coast was barren and cold and they were surrounded by hostile Indians, yet the gates of opportunity swung open to them, bidding them godspeed in the building of a home of Freedom and Peace. Thus it has been for every nation. We see the Germans, Jews, Italians, and the Greeks leaving the homes of their fathers and being received with open arms into this great Land of Liberty. But what of the Negro? When he was taken from his home in Africa and brought to the New World, he did not come as a free man to a free country, but as a slave. No man has undergone such hardships as the Negro. The Anglo-Saxon can look back with pride at his ancestry. For on the pages of Anglo-Saxon history shine the names of Burns and Cromwell, Milton and Chaucer, Gladstone and Burke, and for centuries the Anglo-Saxon race has been surrounded by an atmosphere of ambition and encouragement. Has been the conquering race of the world. But the Negro of today can only think of his ancestors as being a dumb and uneducated race whose lot was slavery and whose ambitious efforts were met with hatred and scorn. But the coast line of the Negro's native home shut him off in his infancy from any intercourse with the civilized world.

Instead of the invigorating cold of the north, he was surrounded by the burning sands of the desert.

Instead of homes of culture and refinement, he was cradled in the jungles of Africa, and when he at last received a glimpse into the fairyland of civilization it was with the lash across his back and the chains of slavery on his limbs. But cruel as his lot was, he nevertheless, looking back at the darkness and ignorance of Africa, thanked God that he had at last come into the sunlight of civilization even though as a servant or slave.

With this spirit of hopefulness he reached up his hand to the leaders of civilization and they helped him up out of slavery, and it is this same spirit of helpfulness that will help on to higher and better things. The tragedy of the Negro is in the color of his skin. The tendency of men is to class human beings according to outward appearances, and thus it has come about that the Negro has been shut off to himself, a stranger in a crowd.

The essential question then, with every Negro is "How shall I meet this attempt to put me off by myself?" This question in one form or another politically, industrially and socially is being met daily, almost hourly, by every Negro in this country.

There was a time in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race when it refused to honor the hand of toil, because it was caloused, sunburnt and hard with labor, and when it did honor the hand of the so-called gentleman it was soft in idleness and full of the earnings wrung from the sons of toil. But civilization has progressed so far today that these signs of toil are badges of honor, without which no

man can enter the royalty of democracy.

And is it too much to hope that the day will soon come when we will be honest enough to acknowledge the true worth of the hand of toil, even though it have added to those qualities of hardness and calousness that other quality that it be a black hand?

The solution to the Negro problem is that the Negro make himself of real worth and then let his white brother be honest enough to recognize this worth.

L. M. ANDERSON.

PARTING.

Miss Davidson, to thee we bring
With most sincere and loving
heart,
This paper as an offering,
Of deep affection: sorrowing
Because we part.

Through four long years, thou'st
held thy sway
O'er all our class in mind and
heart;
Now we must go our different
way
To struggle on thru life's short
day
We must depart.

But still our thoughts to thee will
turn,
And we'll implore with all our
heart
That He whose love doth ever
burn
May bless thy life at every turn,
E'er you depart. —C. B.

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sible. Let us make them happy
by our frequent calls.

THE FACULTY.

Of all the teachers in the world
We surely have the best;
Brashares, he is the principal
And hardly gives a test.

Miss Curtiss is the next in line
And gee, she is a dandy;
(She helps us with our paper,
So you see we feed her candy.)

Herr Thomas, that's the German
Prof.,
Lived single all his life,
'Til when this last dire fall came
round,

He went and took a wife.
Miss Davidson — Ah! bend the
knee,
For here's to charm and beauty;
We love her, though in history
She made us do our duty.

Miss Perfect, in her own sweet
way,
Has taught us all we want to
learn,

And if we've ought neglected
None of us would give a —.

McCracken is a new teacher;
He makes you dig and niggle,
And if you want to graduate
His class will make you wiggle.

Miss Thomas is our sweet brunette
With pearly teeth all in a row,
And she's our guide in etiquette.
What she says do, is right we
know.

Miss Musser, with her mind so
keen,
Becomes our school quite
grandly;
We'd like to say to any man
She surely would come handy.

J. Hawk comes from Fostoria,
To teach us chemistry;
If you 've never seen a J. Hawk,
Then you'd better come and
see.

Now teachers dear, if we had
space
We'd laud you to the sky,
As this is all the room we have,
We now must say "good-bye."
—C. B.

LEE O'GRADY

○○○

Dentist.

○○○

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CENTRAL HIGH

RURAL LIFE.



RURAL life is usually a pleasant and soul-inspiring one, possessing the right union of light and shade,

sunshine and shadow, rest and labor to bring out the latent forces and develop character fitted to withstand life's battles.

The prosperous farmer of today is a man of science and a gentleman of culture and leisure. He carefully reads the latest and best books which treat on the various subjects of his occupation. By means of the steam and electric roads, the telephone and the rural delivery of mail, he keeps in touch with the outside world, and is familiar with current events.

The Pilgrims of 1620, who landed on the forest-covered shores of America were welcomed by the gifts of nature. The pure air from across the sea; the fragrance of the flowers around and about them in the summer months; the rippling water of the streams; the winter cold and snow; all united to make them a happy and progressive people. The sons and daughters of the sturdy pioneers, though the most industrious, were after all, the happiest, healthiest, and the most successful offspring of the early American inhabitants. If we trace the prosperity of our forefathers and carefully note the characteristics of those who lived always in the country, we shall see that the brawn of perfect manhood, the intellectual ability of great men, the pleasures of a really happy life, and the highest type of true morality, bloomed and flourished to the greatest degree in those of the latter class.

As the westward stream of immigration was slowly but surely working its way across the fertile

valley of the Ohio; as the people in that great procession stopped at various places along their seemingly endless journey and viewed her green and mossy banks, trying to decipher the sites that would be the most suitable to lay out their sections, places of greatest safety from savage foes and at the same time places where they could exercise the greatest freedom and liberty regarding their educational and religious views, it was rural rustic scenes that always met their gaze. They purposely went in the wrong direction to find large cities, believing them to be places of ill repute. If they had not known of the great advantages in a pleasant, happy and progressive life that the solitary forest offered over that of the large city, they would have headed their ships to different shores.

Men and women visit and inhabit disreputable places in large cities, where hard earned dollars are spent and easy dollars are earned. If they would pay greater attention to, and follow the examples of their friends who enjoy the blessings of morality, of happiness, of peace, and of prosperity, while living in the country, the people in general would more resemble those who settled in the valley of the Ohio in the early part of the nineteenth century.

The character of the American people would have less stains, and the thousands who are now every year losing themselves in sin and shame might hope to enjoy that eternal peace that lies beyond the grave. The morality of the country boy and girl of today, is greatly superior, in most cases, to that of those in the city.

The farmer boy who rises early and wades about on warm summer

mornings in the cool, refreshing dew that kisses the grasses and the flowers, who roams across the meadows, through the woods, and along the banks of the creeks in search of wild flowers and beautiful pebbles, studying nature every minute in the day, is the boy who is always happy, healthy and wide awake to every new thing to be learned either from books or from personal observation.

God, in all he has created, set no tempting snares into which the boy, experimenting with nature, may be caught. Nothing exists that would ruin, or blight his life, that might be set up as an example to guide and direct the wayward steps of others, who have been walking in the ruthless paths of sin. They have been dragged down by the seemingly innocent pastimes prevalent in the city to a ruined, dissipated, wanton and debauched condition from which many are never able to rise.

We may be censured and run upon; we may be teased and tormented. We may be called various names pertaining to our rustic manners; yet we should feel it an honor rather than a disgrace; a blessing rather than a curse, to know that we have the privilege of living where naught can mar our character; where we may walk the innocent paths of a rural life, and where we may reap the rich rewards and beautiful treasures that lie hidden in the green turf beneath our feet.

Let us hope that every country boy and girl in America will send up a fervent prayer for their city friends, who have been robbed of these privileges; and that they may be the victors in the great battle of life in which their character is at stake.

—SCOTT COURTRIGHT, '09.



JOAN OF ARC.

UNDOUBTEDLY we each have a favorite historical heroine, whom we set upon a pedestal, then stand at a distance to admire, honor, or pay homage to according to our various temperaments. Perhaps yours is some woman of noble bringing up, some queen who, by right of birth and years of preparation, was destined to fill a mighty place and to figure in the annals of history.

But not so with mine. A part of her greatness lies in the fact that by her efforts alone, she rose, at eighteen, to a unique position in the history of nations, rose from a simple hearted, untutored peasant maid to be the leader of armies, to be the advisor and rescuer of her king and country. What act more grandly patriotic can any human being perform? What task more tremendous to undertake? Yet she did it cheerfully, willingly, as her part in the great plan of our universe, did it with the knowledge that it meant the sacrificing of all her own wishes, even to her life.

I have forgotten in the outpouring of my praise of this pious, unselfish girl, to mention her name. But is it necessary? No; surely not; for only one such person has ever lived. As I said JOAN OF ARC is a unique figure in history.

Her environment must have had much to do with her career. Her native village of Domremy being on the border and situated at the crossing of two principal highways, was constantly the scene of passing armies. In no place could she have better known the scars that a hundred years of warring with mighty England had left on France, and the wounds that yet

lay open and bleeding in the very heart of this country. England was rapidly learning of these vulnerable spots and driving poor France into a writhing agony with her probing of them.

Then the forests that surrounded Joan's home,—unfathomable, mysterious forests on the borders of which Joan tended her sheep for long weary hours, surely made an ideal setting in which to brood over these disasters and place her in a receptive mood for those whispered thoughts, those visions which called the simple shepherdess forth to save her country. For after all Joan was successful only so long as those visions inspired her. She never felt that her success came through any greatness of her own.

Many a one wiser than I has said that Joan was not inspired, that she never had these visions, in short that they were merely the workings of her imagination, nurtured by her peculiar environment. But as this is not a thing that can be proven, it pleases me to believe that she was inspired, sent on earth as God's instrument to perform this duty, and that the visions were the sign posts that He showed her to lead her on to victory.

For a moment let us take the less imaginative view, the more practical one, and call it environment. Surely there were others, contemporaries of Joan at Domremy who saw the passing armies, felt the struggle of war and impending disaster, breathed from the very earth, and who tended sheep in the forest. In fact we know there were.

Think of Haumette, Joan's friend, from whom we learn so much of Joan's pious girlhood.

Why did Haumette not deliver France? Search all written records of the time and we find no word that leads us to believe that she ever thought of such a thing.

Nor can we think that Joan was favored by heredity. On the contrary we are told that her ancestry is of the ordinary peasant type, and all history points to the fact that her father was of particularly coarse fibre.

We all believe in miracles. We do not have to stop to see them. This old world of ours which has been the scene of so many wonderful happenings is in itself a miracle. Therefore we have no right, no ground on which to scoff at the fact that Joan was inspired. For me that point is settled. In any case Joan believed in these visions with all the ardor of her young life. They gave her the inspiration that led her from home.

Is there not something sweetly pathetic about her as she leaves Domremy. She, the brave little peasant, beloved by all, making her last confession to her priest, and receiving his kindly blessing, wandering into the forest for the last time, driving her sheep home in the evening and stopping to say goodbye to a group of friendly old dames gossiping on the road, pausing to gaze for the last time into the crystal fountain, whose sparkling depths she was to see so many times as she lay in shackles on the cold dungeon floor, awaiting her execution. She must have been sad indeed for these were the things she loved, and she felt she was leaving them never to return. See her the next morning before the sun is up, started off on one of those great roads that led into the unknown world. What must have been her feelings as she turned to say the last farewell to her dear Haumette and to catch the look of dissatisfaction on her father's sour face. * * * * *

But look! What is this coming

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along the road toward Orleans, the raising of dust, the trampling of feet? Why do the women run to their doors with such looks of joy? An army you say; but how mustered, and why such a look of determination in the faces of the tired foot-sore soldiers?

But see! all faces are lifted towards a girl in glittering armor, seated on a white charger, with the lily banner of France floating out behind her. And who is this that calls forth such looks of confidence, such adoration? Joan of Arc!

This inspiring leader of men, can this be the same small peasant maid you beheld trudging along the road to Chinon some months ago? Then you have not heard why she is the talk of France, this maid, who, after the greatest perseverance, was given an audience with the king; who surprised all with the answers she gave to the white wigged men who prepared her by hard cross-questioning for her station at the head of armies. It was rather through her influence on the common people and on the army than any true belief in her competence that led the king to give her soldiers. Most severe indeed were the hardships she was forced to undergo. But behold her at the siege of Orleans, encouraging her men; rushing, regardless of danger, into the thick of the fight and finally riding at the head

of her army into the city. But untiringly she pushes on, rallying her men to the capture of that long line of strongholds leading to Rheims. It is there she brings her king and has him crowned.

Then when she might have demanded honors for herself, her only wish is to return to the peaceful quiet of her old home at Domremy.

But now she is no longer visited by the visions. She is the object of many jealousies, and giving her half-fed, worn-out armies her king and country press her into further use. At last she is captured by the Burgundians and sold to the English. She knows now that nothing can save her.

Oh the dragging on of the weary weeks. Will the trial never come? It has come but Joan was convicted before she ever appeared. The questions put to her had no exonerating answers and are a shame to civilized countries, while her replies were an illumination. To think that a Bishop of the Church should be one to convict her, this innocent, brave girl!

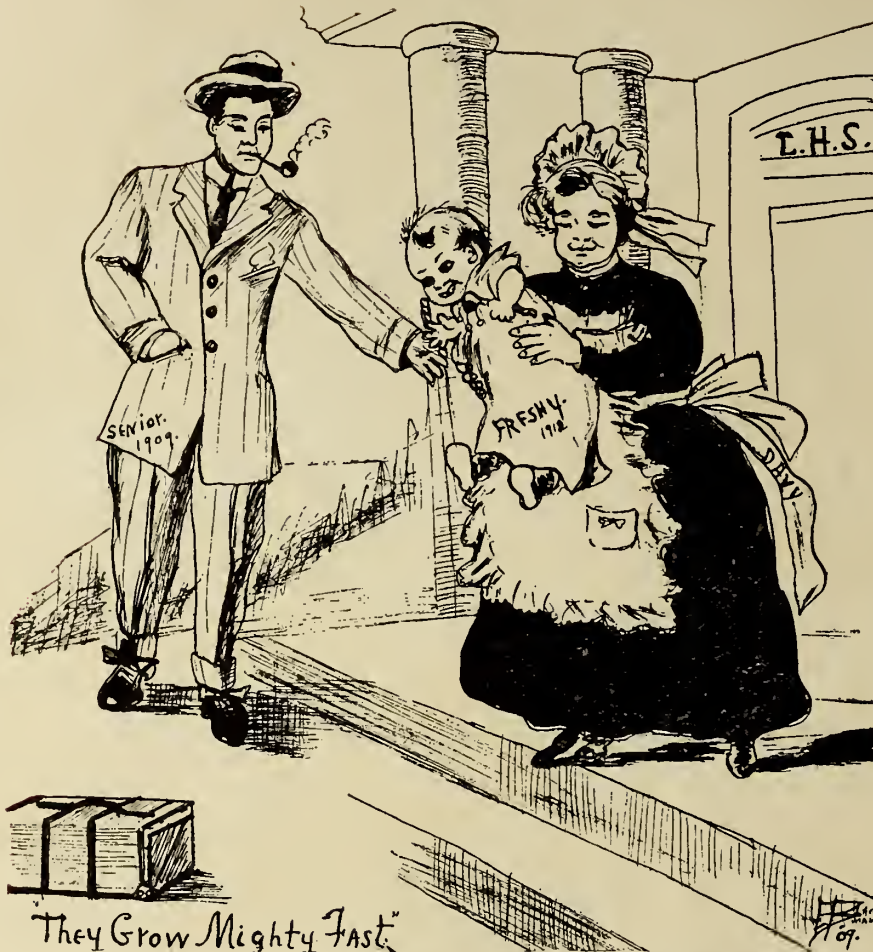
More languishing in cruel prisons, more scoffing to be endured, while outside the nature she loved is coming to life. Soon it will be the glad Easter tide.

And then her execution! The horror of it! As you read it seems like a nightmare out of which you pray to waken. "All roads lead to Rouen," or at least all heads

are turned that way. The roads are a mass of living forms all hurrying in the same way, all talking of the same thing. For hours the market place has been packed with people and with armies, and in the midst of it all rises a great structure, a huge platform, with mouth wide open waiting to lap up with a tongue of flame an innocent young life, as brave a girl as ever lived. A girl made a woman by a few months of responsibility and suffering. The crowd stirs, there is a low rumble as of a growling tiger about to devour its prey. Here she comes bravely facing death, she who has lived death over many times in the last few weeks. Who would know her for the pink-cheeked happy shepherdess of Domremy, this emaciated girl walking to her execution through a throng of scoffing people, her debtors. Ah, you jeering men where would you and your country be were it not for this maid?

The fagots are thrown on, the flames rush with a roar up through many air channels and wrap her in the cloak of a martyr. Bishop of Beauvois, you who have sold yourself for earthly honors, you who are unworthy to throw yourself in these blessed ashes; Oh France! you who have stained your ground with the blood of this glorious martyr—it is too late! She is dead!

DOROTHY BELL WHILEY, '10.



CAN'T DO IT!

That is an expression you often hear. Well, you who are skeptical, I want to inform you that when you see some of the High School Students that we fit out you will change your mind, and say, "I would not have known him; his suit and furnishings are of good taste."



THERE

May have been a time, but not since we came to fit out the Seniors and Frats.

U

Should see the young bloods, when they see the Nifty Styles we show for Spring and Summer. A look will mean, "Dad, The Top has a Suit, Hat, Shirt and Tie that I must have or bust," and he of course thinks his boy O. K., and can't afford to let him be a dummer cal.

The **TOP**
H ONE PRICE CASH
HABERDASHER & TAILOR



Photo by Moore.

CLASS OF '09

OUR BIRDS.



NE of the most delightful divisions of zoology is ornithology, or the study of birds. This science takes its devotees into green fields

and shady woods where nature blends all in perfect harmony. Yet, although rural districts are most favorable for the pursuit of bird lore, many of our feathered friends find homes in cities, and can be studied from the humblest garret window, as well as on the beautiful lawn which surrounds the palatial home on the avenue.

There are many reasons for the study of birds, yet all may be condensed into a few leading ones. Birds are sensitively organized creatures, and respond so readily to the influence of their surroundings that in their distributions, structure, and habits they furnish naturalists with invaluable evidences of the workings of natural laws. In preventing the undue increase of insects, in devouring small rodents, in destroying the seeds of harmful plants, and in acting as scavengers they are man's best friends in the animal world. Without their service, the earth would not long be habitable. Therefore we should spare no effort to protect them. We have an inborn interest in animals which, properly developed, will not only afford us much pleasure, but will broaden our sympathies and morally elevate us. Birds being the most abundant and conspicuous of the higher animals, may be most easily studied and observed. They are beautiful in form and color and exhibit an unequalled power of flight, their acquaintance thus stimulating our love of beauty and of grace. They are unrivaled as musicians; their songs are the most eloquent of nature's voices, and by associations may become inexpressibly dear to us. The migration of birds excites our wonder and admiration, and their periodic comings and goings not only connect them with the changing seasons, but so alter the character of the bird-life of the same locality during the year, that their study is ever attended by

fresh interest. In their migrations, matings, nest-buildings, and home-lives, birds not only display an intelligence that attracts us, but exhibits human traits of character that create within us a feeling of kinship with them, thereby increasing our interest in, and love for them.

With birds the individual lives, in the species; the robins we hear in our childhood we may hear in our old age; therefore birds seem never to grow old, and acquaintance with them keeps alive the many pleasant memories of the past with which they are associated. Thus possessing so many and such varied claims to our attention, birds more than any other animals may serve as bonds between man and nature. Are these reasons not sufficient for every one of us to give some attention at least to the study of birds?

We cannot help noticing them when some day in March the weather changes, the sun shines and we realize that spring will soon be with us.

Robin Redbreast is perhaps the first to be seen. This "bird o' freedom" shares the honor of proclaiming the glad tidings of spring with his friendly rival, the Bluebird alone. During the uncertain days of spring Robin remains in the shelter of the woods, but when spring has come for sure, he reclaims the old haunts, and rejoices in song. Robin is an inspiring singer. Yet he sometimes conceives passages which are too high for him, and these he hums unaidably, like a tenor with a cold. When the music comes back to his compass he resumes where he left off. Thus singing and nest-building he whiles away the spring months.

Then there is our friend, the Blue Jay, a curious mixture of "Beauty and the Beast." He is the outlaw among birds, and never hesitates to remove the eggs from the nests of other birds, yet sometimes vengeance comes to the Blue Jay in the form of a crow, who robs Blue Jay's nest while the latter looks on pleading with him to cease. The crow is no saint, yet it does not conceal his vil-

lainies under a coat of blue and white.

The Cardinal, or Red Bird, is perhaps the greatest favorite of all. He is beloved not only for his splendid plumage and the magic of his whistling song, but also for the gentle boldness of comradeship. The law now forbids a Red Bird to be imprisoned, yet there was a time when no such law existed, and Red Birds were frequently kept as pets. There is instance in which one was kept in captivity for thirty years, and when it died was mourned as a member of the family. Without the Red Bird summer would not be complete, for in the words of the poet:

"Along the dust white river road
The saucy Red Bird chirps and trills,
His liquid notes resound and rise
Until they meet the cloudless skies
And echo o'er the distant hills."

The most widely distributed of any of our American birds are the Barn Swallows. Year after year they return to the old nest, a neat bracket or half-bowl of mud luxuriously lined with grass and feathers, and cemented to the beam of a barn. They are of a confiding nature, and their flying is full of gracefulness and poetry of motion.

On a day in late April while walking through a damp wood a dark figure suddenly rises from the dead leaves at one's feet, and uttering a low cry moves away with ghostly noiselessness and drops down into a bush a rod or so away. So perfectly do the softly-blended colors of the Whippoorwill blend with the leafy world that it is useless to look for him. The Whippoorwill is a nocturnal bird and catches insects during the night as he flies through the air, aided by the bristles that project from either side of the beak. The mellow liquid notes of this songster are heard more often during the first hours after sunset, but sometimes extends far into the night.

The prince of American songsters is the Mocking Bird. As a mimic it has no peer. A stoutly contested discussion is carried on between the friends of the European Nightingale and those of the Mocking Bird as to which is the greater singer, but music itself is so diverse in conception and execution that comparisons are

meaningless. One Mocker in captivity was once timed, and he changed tune eighty-seven times in seven minutes. And yet, this chief among singers is content to be heard, not seen.

The enemy to all our smaller birds is the English Sparrow. Without question the most deplorable event in the history of American ornithology was the introduction of the English Sparrow. It is a nuisance without a redeeming quality. A bird census of Illinois by a university professor recorded eighty-five species. The number of birds was estimated at 30,000,000, of which 5,000,000 were English Sparrows.

The Song Sparrow is in direct contrast. A modest bird, whose silver-tongued melody is compared to sunshine—bountiful, free—ever gratified as it calls "Peace, peace, be unto you, my children."

What a dreary world this would be without birds. Can any one conceive of a spring time without them? Take the birds away, and imagine the fresh flowers, the trees beginning to burst forth in all their glory; all without the joyful twittering of birds and the fluttering of little wings among the branches, no sound but the snapping of a twig under foot; over all that solemn, unbroken quiet. Half of the joy and gladness would be gone.

WILNA HAZEL SOLT, '09.

Should Girls Be Educated?

CERTAINLY there is a deep feeling among even the most worldly of us, that an education ought to fit a girl to become a better citizen, wife and mother. We have heard, and we believe, because it is logical, that all kinds of knowledge, no matter how far removed from the immediate field of endeavor, are of use in developing capability; and whether it be chemistry, cooking, or carpentry that a girl learns, if she learns it with her mind, will add something of deftness to her touch in handling a type-writer, a fryin pan, or a husband.

It has been said that a college girl has a crushing advantage over any other girl in "any job she puts her hand to." A certain minister says of the college girls, "They are a boon to the race; they introduce new ideas into the most com-

mon-place affairs of life. The other day I christened the first baby of a married college girl, and all during the ceremony it smiled up beautifully into my face. Now, babies usually cry while they are being christened, and so I congratulated the young mother on her little one's lamblike behavior, and what do you think she said? 'Why of course he behaved well. His father and I, with a pail of water, have been practicing christening on him for the last two days.' Who but a college girl would think of such a thing?"

It is a woefully narrow mind which regards an education as necessary only to the woman who expects to earn her living or to seek professional glory. Every life worth living is a career in the fullest sense, and needs direction just as much if it is ever to be fruitful in results.

One of the greatest needs in the education of women is the ability to concentrate, the power to rise superior to the petty distractions of every day life and give herself wholly and calmly to the work in hand. The school girl who has spent two or three hours in solving a physics problem, surrounded by the noise of a fudge party next door, the drifting echoes of the

jolly basket ballers only a block away, and with the consciousness that tomorrow is Easter, and the other girls will be at church with their new spring hats, while she must wear her old one, has learned more than that physics problem.

If school girls do not know how to cook, it is not because they have an education, but simply because they have no desire to learn. As for the educated girl's facility for "taking to" household duties, the opinions of her admirers differ. But most agree that there is little sense in that phase of the argument, since nobody can prove that domestic tastes are peculiar to any class of American women.

I am heartily sorry for the poor little ignoramus who is depending on her face and clothes for her future happiness, and who scorns the thought of "knowing about" business and politics and "big questions" because she fancies men think it "unfeminine." She is no wiser than a washwoman I once heard of, who could not read or write and explained the lack by saying that she stopped school to get married, because "married women didn't have no need of school-in'. But I fail to see how an education could be a hindrance to a woman in any vocation.

ELITA M. GRAHAM, '11.

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***** PROFESSOR L. M. Harrison stood on the deck of the trans-Atlantic liner "Oceanic," gazing curiously at a small speck which appeared suspended in the air some distance in advance of the steamer. There was a dead calm, and as the boat progressed the speck took a definite shape, and seemed to be a miniature balloon supporting an object of as yet indeterminate character. It now appeared that the balloon was in direct line with the path of the steamer, and that the boat would soon be directly under it. The professor kept his eye riveted upon it as though fascinated, and when the bag appeared directly over the ship it was seen to strike the iron point of the wireless terminal at the masthead. The object attached to the bag fell heavily and struck the deck almost at the professor's feet. There was a sound of breaking glass, and the pieces of what had been a small bottle lay on the deck, and beside them a roll of manuscript tied with a blue ribbon. Harrison picked up the manuscript, and carried it to the privacy of his state-room to read. The following is a correct copy:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I was born in St. Louis in the year 1865. My father was a merchant of moderate means, and had difficulty in supporting his large family of seven children. At an early age I developed a decided taste for science, and my life has been devoted to it ever since. I went through college largely on my own efforts, and three years after completing my course I received a legacy of ten million dollars from a gentleman who died without heirs, and for whom I had once done a great service, the nature of which cannot be revealed. This made me independent for life, and made it possible for me to devote my entire attention to science. In the course of my research I discovered a compound, which, when applied to Japanese silk made the latter almost impervious to hydrogen, which is the gas used in long distance balloon races. Naturally my discovery was of great importance in aeronautics, but before revealing it to the world I decided to make use of it in an expedition, the feasibility of which I had long been considering. In other words, I determined to make a dash for the pole from an island in the Arctic ocean in an airship of special construction. I was well aware that a similar expedition had failed but a short time before, but I thought that with a little different management it could be made a success. I determined not to

make my intention public, but to carry it out in the most quiet manner possible. Secretly I had a silk bag made capable of carrying about a thousand pounds when inflated. I also purchased a gasoline engine especially constructed for airship use, which was of great power, and yet comparatively of very light weight. I then went to New York, chartered a small sea-going steamer, and fitted it with modern tools and gas generators needed in airship work. After engaging a crew for the vessel, and sufficient provisions to last six months, I had the airship placed in the hold in sections and we set sail for Francis Joseph land, which lies north of the eightieth degree of latitude. We calculated to arrive there about the last of June. My younger brother was to accompany me on the expedition, and had already been of infinite assistance in making the preparations and keeping our plans secret. On the third day out we encountered a great storm, which all but destroyed our little vessel, but which aided our progress by blowing from the southwest. We had fair weather for the rest of the voyage, and in due time reached our destination. We had expected to erect an aerodome here for the shelter of the airship after it had been put together, but as the weather was very calm, and gave every indication of continuing so, we decided to start as soon as it was possible to put the machine together. This we did in a few days, and after giving the crew of the vessel instructions to return to New York and leave us to our fate if we did not return within a stated limit of time, we cut loose and ascended, with the engine running at a speed calculated to carry us northward at a rate of thirty miles an hour. This speed soon carried us far out over the northern sea, and it is beyond the power of man to imagine a more desolate scene than that which lay beneath us. At the same time man cannot describe the vastness, and the grandeur of it all. Nothing but the forsaken northern ocean was to be seen, except the speck of land far to the southward which we had left a few hours before. We kept our airship at the height desired by means of two horizontal planes at the rear. The basket was about seven feet long and four wide, and was constructed of a very tough and pliable, yet light material, brought from the regions of the upper Amazon in Brazil. We had taken the precaution of bringing about twice as many provisions as we thought we would need in the time the trip would require, and also brought some of my newly-discovered preparation for treating the

silk of which the bag was composed. We were now fairly started for the pole—that spot toward which man had so often directed his efforts, and had as often failed.

What was our horror, seven hours after we had started, suddenly to see the engine stop. There we were—two hundred miles from the nearest land, suspended over the Arctic Ocean, incapable of movement. One cannot describe in fitting terms the horror of the situation. My brother, who is a fair mechanic, quickly examined the engine, and said that fortunately it was nothing serious. After working at it industriously for a while he started it again, and it apparently ran as good as ever.

After a few more hours of traveling, the temperature, which had naturally been very cold, began to moderate perceptibly, and continued to do so until it had become quite warm. You are probably aware of the fact that the form of the earth is not that of a perfect sphere, but that it is an oblate spheroid; that is, its polar diameter is less than its equatorial, so that it is flattened at the poles. This shape was probably given to it at the time it was a molten mass, when the centrifugal force caused by its rapid revolution had the tendency to force the molten matter toward the equator and away from the poles, thus leaving the surface flat in these regions. The difference between the equatorial and polar diameters is estimated at twenty-six miles, so that the surface at the poles is approximately thirteen miles nearer the center than at other points. Now it is known that the temperature of the earth varies inversely as the distance from the center, the center being still a molten mass. The best illustration of this is in the case of deep mines, which are always warmer near the bottom than at the top. Thus the theory has been advanced that the poles have a moderate climate, but I had always been skeptical of this until now.

We now soon caught sight of land directly ahead which seemed to be covered with vegetation. In a short time we were directly over the land, which extended farther than the eye could reach, despite our elevation. In compliance with my brother's wishes we descended at this point, securing the airship by the anchor in the customary manner. The vegetation we saw was of striking appearance, and radically different from any I had ever heard of as growing on any other part of the earth. Naturally this was to be expected, on account of the peculiar character of the seasons, each year containing but one day and one night, each of six months duration. We saw two small animals about the size of a cat, which in form resembled a species thought to have

inhabited North America in prehistoric ages.

We walked a short distance away from the airship, examining the different specimens of plants, and were about to return when we were startled by a great crash behind us. We glanced back hastily to see if anything had befallen the airship, but it was not there. Moreover a thin column of vapor seemed to be rising from the spot we had just left. Rushing back frantically we found a heap of burning rubbish underneath where the airship had been. We were stunned; we could not realize the enormity of the disaster which had befallen us. Blindly extinguishing the blaze to save the remainder of the silk of which the bag had been composed, in the vain hope of being able to use it again, I happened to notice a hole in the ground about eight inches in diameter which I had not seen before, and which seemed to be freshly made. Not for a long time, however, did I guess the truth; a meteor had struck the bag and exploded the gas.

Imagine our situation! Separated from civilization by a barrier which had hitherto proved insurmountable, and with our only means of returning destroyed in the most unbelievable manner imaginable, we had good cause to despair.

When we were finally able to realize what the disaster meant to us, we both sat on the ground for many hours incapable of thought or motion. Then an idea struck my mind.

With the assistance of my brother I crudely fashioned some of the silk from the demolished bag into the shape of a small balloon. I then soaked it in some of the preparation which I had discovered in my laboratory at St. Louis, the bottle of it which I had brought on the expedition having miraculously escaped breakage in the disaster. We had also brought a quantity of sulphuric acid with us, which we thought might be needed in soldiering some parts of the engine in case anything went wrong. The bottle containing this had fallen on some waste, and thus had also escaped being broken. We had considerably more than we should have needed for the purpose for which it had been brought, but a miserable pitance for what I now intended to use it. I improvised a gas generator into which I put some bits of broken iron from the engine, and poured over it the acid. We collected the escaping gas in the crude balloon, and to our satisfaction obtained a sufficient amount to fill it. We then closed the opening in it by means of a tightly-tied string, and I am writing this communication with the intention of en-

closing it in a bottle, attaching the bottle to the little balloon, and trusting to Providence that favorable winds may blow it into hands where it will be understood. I realize that there is not one chance in a million that this will happen, but if it should do so, I desire the reader to communicate with Mr. Henry H. Mantell, of Cleveland, Ohio, or Mr. Robert P. Cannon, of Dayton, Pennsylvania. I desire another expedition to be fitted out similar to the one my brother and I have undertaken, for the purpose of rescuing us from the position in which we find ourselves, and am willing to defray all the expenses of the undertaking. While there is no danger of starving here, owing to the life sustaining fruits, etc., to be found, yet I fear the solitude will before long drive us insane. We shall at once proceed to gather a supply of wild nuts and vegetables, and to erect a shelter for the long winter night, which will naturally bring us to a state of infinite gloom and despair, yet which I anticipate will not be extremely cold, since the warmth here comes from within, rather than from without the earth. Kindly use your influence toward a speedy rescue, and remain forever the benefactor of

Your humble servant,

CASSIUS H. SMITH.

ELWOOD BUTLER, '09.



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CONCERNING THE FACULTY.

Several changes have occurred this year in the teaching force of the High school. L. A. Weinland, who was at the head of the Science department for two years, resigned at the close of last year to accept a position in Otterbein University as assistant professor of chemistry. During his time of work here he made himself very popular with the students, and his going was the cause of regret on every hand.

The new teachers this year are: J. F. Hawk, C. C. McCracken, and Miss Ethel C. Musser. Mr. Hawk's home is in Petrolia, Pa., although his education has all been acquired in Ohio. He is a graduate of the Akron High school, and took his degree in 1907 from Ohio University at Athens. He had taught one year in the Fostoria schools.

Mr. McCracken came to us from Bellefontaine, where he graduated from the High school under Supt. Cas-

sidy's regime as principal in that city. He later was granted a degree from Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill., and taught in the High school in that place before coming here.

After school opened in the fall it was found necessary to procure another teacher, and Miss Ethel C. Musser of Portsmouth, entered upon her duties about the first of October. She is a graduate of the Portsmouth High school and of Ohio Wesleyan University in 1908.

Mr. Hawk has charge of the Science department; Mr. McCracken of the Mathematics, while Miss Musser assists in Science and German.

On Tuesday evening, October the thirteenth, Mr. Lawrence Thomas was married to Miss Maude A. Kemmerer of Lancaster. The coming of the bride and groom to their new home at 507 N. Broad street, was the occasion of quite a jollification on the part of the loving pupils of the groom.

The yard and streets about the house were filled with the crowd of jolly serenaders. When the carriage containing the happy couple arrived they were escorted to the house with all due ceremony. The groom was put upon an improvised platform and responded very gracefully to the demands for a speech. He afterwards sent the crowd to "The Alps" for a treat of candy and other delicacies.

Supt. H. A. Cassidy spent part of the past summer in attendance upon the summer term of Cornell University. He made a study of school management and psychology. Miss Perfect also attended Cornell in the summer, doing special work in English.

Miss Curtiss of the Latin department, made a vacation trip through Europe during the summer of 1908.

Principal W. C. Brashares is to be congratulated upon having successfully passed the State teachers' examinations in June, 1908. He is now in possession of a life certificate.

THE MARATHA PEOPLE.



THE Maratha people inhabit a strip of territory on the western coast of India, extending southward from Bombay for a distance of five hundred miles and inland for about three hundred miles.

These people have features similar to those of Americans, but their skin is dark brown. There are exceptions to this, however, and I have known Hindus who are lighter than some Americans.

The caste system prevails in India. In general, the divisions are as follows: The priests, together with the scholars, lawyers, physicians, and teachers constitute the highest caste and are called Brahmins. The soldiers and office holders rank next, and are known as Rajputs. Then come the shopkeepers or tradesmen, who are *veisyas*. The mechanics and farmers rank next and are called *Siedras*. The outcasts constitute the lowest of all the castes, and are known as *Pariahs*. Some of these have become *Pariahs* through disobedience to the rules of the caste to which they originally belonged, while others have been born into their low estate. It is indeed a great misfortune to be a *Pariah*.

Each caste in India must pay respect to the higher castes. So strict is the observance of caste distinction that no Hindu will allow himself to be touched by any member of a lower caste. To touch the property of such a person or even to come within his shadow would be considered defilement so great that the higher casteman must cleanse himself in a running stream. Perhaps he takes his bath in the river just below a point where some herdsman is washing his cattle and just above a place where earthen jars are being filled with

drinking water. If it were not for this fear of defilement, the Hindu would not be as clean as he is.

In India, as in China, there is a wonderful amount of veneration for ancestors, the rule among the natives being,—“We must do as our ancestors did in almost every particular.”

The people in general are very lazy and are given to procrastination. In the case of the Hindu, the old maxim may be revised to read: “Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow.”

The occupation and social condition of the Hindu are determined by the caste to which he belongs. The Brahman is a priest in a temple, a scholar, lawyer, teacher, or government employee. He lives in a decent house and his environment is fairly good. His person is held sacred. If any one strikes a Brahman it is believed that the offender will be punished by being turned into an inferior animal for the next twenty-one generations.

The middle and lower castes include farmers, shopkeepers, herdsmen, blacksmiths, shoemakers, etc., and constitute by far the greater part of India's millions. They are poor and uneducated, but physically strong. They live in miserable little mud houses with thatched roofs. These huts are without windows, but may have the luxury of two doors, each four feet high and one and a half feet wide. The single room answers all family purposes and in addition to being windowless, is usually black with smoke.

The middle and lower caste people are easily carried away by local sentiment, and, if under an able leader, constitute a powerful band, greatly to be feared by the British government.

So long as Great Britain can keep the minds and the mouths of the Brahmins quiet, there is little fear of

a revolution. But that is the trouble now. However, if India could raise an army and supplies of food and ammunition, England would have a strong ally in the Mohammedan troops.

The Mohammedans in India are descendants of Arabians or of converted Hindus. They are strong, sturdy, and very deliberate, but when they act they accomplish something. They live better than the average Hindu and are better people morally and intellectually. They make good soldiers. They are able to read and write and are versed in the Koran or Bible of Mohammedanism. They believe that there is but one God, Allah, and that Mohammed is his prophet. They believe in Jesus Christ, but not as the Savior of mankind.

I have endeavored so far to tell you about the most important classes of the Maratha people. There are many other classes of people in India, of whom I have not told you, because they live in different regions of the country, or because they are not numerous or important. I must not fail however, to mention the Parsees or fire-worshipers who came from Persia. They are a higher type, intellectually, than the Hindus.

Over all these millions of people England rules. She has no easy task, and it has been said that few nations could do much better in ruling a colony like India.

England has constructed magnificent roads all over India. These roads are nicely shaded, well graded and kept in excellent condition. They are among the finest in the world. At convenient distances along these roads travelers' bungalows are built. These are free for the Indian, but the white man, unless he is a British officer, must pay for their use.

England deserves much praise for

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her efforts to better the conditions of India. The British government has established many schools, hospitals, asylums, and other philanthropic institutions and has constructed canals and railroads in addition to the excellent highways.

Yet England taxes her Indian colony most unmercifully. The most oppressive of all the taxes is the salt tax. One illustration will suffice to show you how severe it is. Once when my father was traveling on the railroad the train stopped at a station on the boundary between Portuguese and British territory. Every body was taken out of the train and examined by the custom officials. In reply to the regulation questions my father answered that he had nothing with him that was subject to duty. He did not know that a servant of his had a little bit of salt in his own trunk. This trunk was examined and the salt, which would not have been worth a mill in America, was found and a tax of about one dollar imposed. This, however, included the fine for trying to smuggle the salt from

the Portuguese to British territory.

The Indians have many customs, peculiar to themselves. Their festivals are great occasions and elaborate preparations are made for their celebration. On some festival days they fix up a cart made to look like a row-boat, load as many people in it as possible and have it drawn through the streets of the town while they whoop and yell at the tops of their voices. Some paint themselves to look like tigers and other wild animals, and go through the streets in that way. At night many will get the trunk of a coconut tree, and a hundred or more people will get under it and dance and yell and get drunk. Perhaps some will go so far as to ram in the sides of a house and take out the inhabitants and flog them. In this way they have almost as much fun as upper classmen in our American colleges derive from the beautiful and refined practice of hazing freshmen. All night long drums are beaten in the temples, while the most cruel and evil deeds are being done as sacrifices to the idols.

It is the custom in India for religious men of all castes to paint vertical white lines on the forehead, arms,

and chest at a sign of their holiness.

They also wear a string over the left shoulder and right hip. To this is attached a silver casket containing a little metal god, so that they can pray to the little deity at any time.

The gods in India are said to outnumber the people. There are many temples to these graven images, but strange to say, there is no temple to the God who is their creator.

When a plague breaks out such as cholera or bubonic plague, the Indians have a peculiar custom. A carpenter is engaged to make a wooden cart and about a dozen little gods. The priest then puts beads upon the necks of these images and pronounces the plague upon them. They are then taken out to a lonely hill and left there. This is supposed to drive away the plague. There are many such customs in India, but I will not tell you about them now.

So far I have tried to show you what India is like today. I hope and believe that some day this great country will throw off the yoke of England and become a world power. This will come when India is awakened by being educated and Christianized. Then she will become one of the greatest nations of the world.

BOB HANNUM, '10.

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JAMES BLOOM.

This paper would certainly be incomplete without mention of our industrious janitor, Mr. James Bloom, whose untiring efforts along his line of duty have won well deserved words of praise not only from our own citizens, but from visitors from other towns as well. In a recent issue of a magazine devoted to the High Schools of Ohio and their work, the high degree of neatness and spotless cleanliness prevailing in the Lancaster High School was commented upon most favorably. More than once Mr. Bloom has been known to stay up all night during cold spells in the winter that the building might be kept warm for the next day. Fidelity to duty such as his is rarely found, and we feel safe in saying that he is not only the best janitor in Ohio, but one of the most popular as well. The following may be taken as representative of the sentiment of the school:

He is famed far and wide
For the wonderful pride
Which he take's in the building's
condition;
He is known as a man
Who will do all he can
To ennoble his hard-earned
position.
And we'll never forget
But we'll always respect

Mr. Bloom for his tireless endeavor;
For old Jimmy Bloom
With his mop and his broom
Will live in our thoughts forever.

As Others See Us.

A reasonable amount of school pride is a good thing, and serves a real purpose. We have reason to be proud when disinterested parties see points in our school which they consider worth mentioning in a public way.

The following extracts are taken from recent issues of the Ohio Educational Monthly, and go to show that the efforts of our superintendent, teachers, and students are recognized:

"Four years ago the Lancaster High School enrolled 150. Now the enrollment is 312. Somebody has certainly been at work in that fertile vineyard."

"Anent the subject of good pictures in schools it may be said that pictures in a large degree betoken the character of the school. There are many ways in which we express our real selves and one of these is through pictures. If the real self is high grade, then a cheap chromo will be an offence and nothing but representative pictures will meet the demand. The teacher who can tolerate the cheap and gaudy must lack some of the qualities that make for excellence. One has but to visit such schools as Lancaster, etc., etc., to find exemplification. These are schools that have excellent pictures, and no one can doubt that these pictures have a wholesome influence."

MISTHER CASSIDY.

Faith, Misther Cassidy,
What a bright, bland smile ha' ye,
When my feelings like a kite
Are a sailin' out of sight
And I feel like I could fight
Misther Cassidy.

Faith, Misther Cassidy,
What a solemn man are ye,
When you've got me on the rug
And my feelings drop ker-chug
And I feel that I could hug
Misther Cassidy.

Faith, Misther Cassidy,
What a dear old man are ye,
With your quaint old Irish jokes
And your head which fun provokes,
Strange to say our whole class
dotes
On Misther Cassidy. —C. B.

I.

Oh, nine round peas in the pod;
I will hang it over the door;
The very first man that under it
comes,
I am his forevermore!

II.

There's Harry—I'll ask him in;
He never will dream, or know
That the magic pod hangs over
the door
With nine round pods in a row.
—"BUD."

Come all ye loyal classmates
We have something else to do
We'll raise the flag of L. H. S.
With a loud whoop and halloo
And bequeathing it our blessing
We'll bid to her adieu.
—W. W. M.

HOTEL MITHOFF.

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BRIGHT STUDENT.

Prospective Graduate of Lancaster
High School Secures Elementary
and High School Certificates
at County Teachers' Ex-
amination—Average
Grade Above 95.

Mr. Karl Morris, the 18-year old son of Clerk of Courts G. M. Morris, is a member of the senior Lancaster High school class and will graduate in June, and stands first in his class as to credits. The young student took up German as an extra study in his High school work.

At a recent county teacher's examination he took the test and took twenty-two branches in two days and was granted an elementary certificate and a high school certificate to teach, his average grade being above 95 per cent. on each certificate, the several grades running from 90 to 100. This was his first appearance before the county board of examiners and is perhaps the best showing ever made by an 18-year-old applicant on his first application for a teachers' certificate. It is understood that the young man will take up the profession of teaching, and those who know him predict for him a most successful career.—Exchange.

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Chapel Notes.

The chapel exercises during the first half of the year were of special interest and value to the pupils. Besides the devotional services conducted by the several teachers alternately, there has been marked musical ability displayed by a number of pupils, which has greatly added to the pleasure of the exercises.

Our High School Orchestra, which has come to be a recognized part of our high school, has played several times at chapel and also at several of the Senior Rhetoricals. This organization is certainly a great benefit to the school and the boys should be encouraged in their work.

The Girls' Chorus has also contributed its share to the pleasure of the audiences on different special occasions. The chorus is certainly appreciated from the number of invitations it has received to sing at other places in the city. The chorus was also organized early, and has done very good work.

Throughout the year it has been our pleasure to entertain many prominent men and women who are interested in school work and young people.

On Sept. 18th, Rev. Mr. Cooper conducted the morning exercises, which was then followed by a very interesting talk by Rev. Mr. Mougey, (both visiting ministers).

On Sept. 21st, Rev. Mr. Jamison of Circleville, O., conducted the morning exercise.

Mr. William Radebaugh, member of the Board of Education, visited the

school on Oct. 2nd, and gave the pupils some pointers in that jovial way of his.

During the Methodist conference and the English Lutheran Synod, which were held in this city in the fall, several of the visiting ministers were present at chapel exercises.

It has been our privilege on several occasions to entertain some representatives of Ohio colleges. Among the number have been Miss Porter of Oxford College for Women; Dr. C. C. Miller, president of Lima College; Prof. Martzolf of O. U., and Prof. Edwards of Delaware.

On Nov. 11th, Rev. Gelvin, pastor of First Presbyterian church, gave an instructive talk on Science and Religion. Being a close student of science as well as religion, he showed how closely the two were related, and how the one really depended on the other, although many people think they have no relation to each other.

Nov. 20th, Devotional to Burns. Miss Curtiss described in a charming manner Burns' home and vicinity, as seen by herself last summer.

In that deep, melodious tone of his, Frank McClintock read Burns' poems, "Highland Mary" and "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."

Mr. Thomas sang "My Love is Like the Red, Red Rose."

On Nov. 24th, Mr. Hawk gave a recitation, Napoleon, accompanied on the piano by Miss Carpenter, a graduate of Ohio University. Mr. Hawk then accompanied Miss Carpenter to the station in Miskel's automobile bus.

The music of the American negro, the expression of a good and care-free heart, has long been one of the most pleasing features of American life. Among the negroes have sprung up a number of writers of the wisdom, wit and humor of the race. One of the most notable of these is an Ohio man, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, who has taken high rank among the writers of today. Another is Elliott Blaine Henderson, an Ohio man, who visited our school on March 19th, and entertained us very highly by reading several of his own productions from his book entitled "Plantation Echoes."

After the Christmas vacation, chapel exercises and certain other pleasures which the scholars have enjoyed other years at the noon hour, were discontinued, thereby taking away much of the ambition and school spirit.

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ALPINE SOLDIERS.

THE Alps mountains are often called the backbone of Europe, because they extend such a distance through Central Europe and form parts of several very important countries. In fact, Switzerland, the little republic which has been in existence so many centuries, may well be called a country of ups and downs, because so much of it consists of high mountain peaks. Some of the villages of Switzerland are located thousands of feet above the level of the sea, and the flocks and herds which the shepherds attend may be above the line of snow for at least a portion of the year, when they can graze in some upper valley on fresh mountain herbage.

You can walk but a very short distance in Switzerland without going up or down a mountain and the natives of this little country are famous for their ability to climb steep mountain-sides. Many of the roads wind about the mountains like spiral stairways, so that one must keep climbing for hours before he reaches the top; but all this has been done since people began living among the mountains and they take it as a matter of course.

Some of the peaks of the Alps are so high that they are never bare of snow or ice, and snowstorms are frequent even in summer. The highways across Switzerland and, especially those into France and Italy, pass through some of the highest chains of mountains and there are passes which may be drifted full of snow at any day of the year, so high are they from the rest of the world. This is

why the soldiers of the Swiss army as well as the famous guides who lead tourists here and there are noted for their expertness in scaling the rocky mountain-sides. The army is drilled, in what are called mountain tactics, and has become so skilled that a company of troops will go up mountain-sides where it would seem one could ascend only by the aid of a rope. They are often burdened by their guns, knapsacks, and other things, which they must carry when in the army, but such is their strength that they pull themselves up by their hands where they cannot walk, and are adept as sheep and goats in these performances.

There is not only the infantry soldier who carries the rifle as his principal weapon, but actually artillery companies in the Swiss service. These are perhaps more expert than infantry, for the reason that they have more difficult duties to perform. The cannon which are provided for the Swiss army are principally what are called mountain guns, which can be taken off their trucks, and thus taken up high peaks. These troops are so drilled that one man may take the wheel of a truck on his back, another a different piece of the truck, and it is an actual fact that some of these cannoncers are so powerful that they can lift these parts when they are strapped on their backs. Thus it is, that an entire battery or section of artillery can be carried up a hill-side without the use of horses. It is literally taken to pieces. When the summit is reached, the men are so deft that they can put the trucks together, fasten or mount the cannon on them, and, if they were in battle, they would discharge the weapons at

once, as they always have ammunition along with them.

You sit comfortably in your hotel and look up toward the white summit of Mount Blanc towering in awful majesty nearly three miles into the clouds. With the naked eye you see what looks like a colony of small, black ants, clinging precariously to the side of the mountain, more than half-way to its invisible top. Looking through the hotel telescope, you make out that the ants are men, traveling in regular order and at surprising speed over a field of apparently freshly-fallen snow. "It's a company of our Alpine troops," explains our landlord. "They are out on skees drilling. There are also other companies out on the mountains and the game is to see which shall get command of the pass. On skees, which are a kind of snow-shoe we use, and in deep snow, they can make their thirty or forty miles a day. Our children are familiar with the long, slender, wooden skees, from the time they are able to walk."

It seems surprising that there are so many soldiers in Switzerland, for it is only a tiny republic compared with the United States and some other countries. It contains only 16,000 square miles, being about one-third the size of our state of New York. Yet in time of war it would have 275,000 men. It is considered an honor for a man to be a soldier in Switzerland, and as soon as a boy has grown up he usually volunteers. His term of service may be but three or four years, but during that time he is drilled so that he becomes an expert in military work not only in the summer, but in the dead of winter. Really, the Swiss soldiers are among the best in Europe, but fortunately the little republic has been at peace with its neighbors for a great many years, owing, partly to the skill and courage of its mountaineers, all of whom would be ready to come to the defense of their little country at a moment's notice.

FLOSSIE BARR, '12.

EDITORIAL VIEWS.

DEBRIS.

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the Business Staff.

We are always looking out for the good things in life, the things that benefit us most. But they are not so easy to find. Nevertheless, if you stop to think, you will finally decide that "the High School Annual" is very beneficial, both to the reader, and to those who use their efforts and their influence in its publication. It is full of snap, fun and common sense combined, and it shows to the outside world what we really are and what we accomplish here in our school work. It shows also how well we are united as a school and how good-naturedly we are able to take a seasonable joke. It arouses the interest of the students, and spurs them on to produce something which is worth reading, and enables them to fit themselves to produce something worth while.

Indirectly it is an aid to athletics, in that it publishes every good thing which has happened during the year, and by doing so, causes our athletes to try harder each year that they may be the ones who will be praised and crowned with laurels.

And how does it help the managers? Does it help them in any way to prepare themselves for a higher and more responsible management? Yes, to a very great extent. It teaches them how to handle financial affairs, to economize, and to be able to get something good for the least possible expenditure. And anyone who

has ever been connected with the management of this paper, I am sure, is very thankful that he was fortunate enough to have that golden opportunity. Fellow students! If you have any managing ability about you, do not hide it, but allow your classmates to find out what you are that you may have the opportunity to experience yourself in that line. That may be your life work; who knows? The management of some large firm or corporation may be yours. But even if you never ascend to that high degree of management, you are almost certain to have to manage your own personal affairs, however small they may be, and experience is the best teacher of all.

And since we have in our school many artists and poets, we give plenty of space to them to display their talents.

The last of those benefited by the paper are the editors. They learn to appreciate many things which they perhaps would never have appreciated. Time, for instance, is more precious to an editor than to probably any one else. And, the collecting and revising of material, which often must be read and re-read furnishes valuable experience. To be able to consider an article fairly and squarely before accepting or refusing it, makes one observant. Yes, there are many ways in which a student editor is benefited. But they are almost too numerous to mention here.

And I presume that the editors to come will not forget what I have said in regard to time. Therefore, my dear editors of the future, I wish to impart to you this one little word of advice and that is, "Hustle." Do not lag in the collection of your material, and be sure to remember that there is coming, as fast as if 'twere on the wings of the wind, that rare day in June, when you will give up all claims as an editor, and resume your daily routine as a common ordinary personage. But will you be sorry that you once bore that title? No, No, a thousand times, no!



It falls to the lot of the Senior Class each year to have control of, and to publish what is known as the L. H. S. Annual, and with this end in view, that of making this year's annual the best and most widely read of any annual yet put out by the Lancaster High School, the editor, staff and managers have worked. They have written and written until by this time their thoughts are few and far be-

tween. The editor and staff have put their most loyal support into the issue of this paper and each individual of the L. H. S. can sincerely thank them for a large part of the success this paper will bring. As for the managers, Nuf Sed.

And now the officers of the Debris wish to thank those who have lent their assistance. First, a word to the student body concerning our advertisers. Don't forget them. It is they who make this issue a possibility. They have necessities to meet just as we have in issuing this paper. Let us help them by patronizing them. We therefore take this means of letting the public know how we appreciate the many advertisements; and we hope our advertisers will see fit each year to place an ad in the L. H. S. Annual. Fellow students, it would not hurt for you when you step into a store as a purchaser to mention the fact that you noticed their ad in the Annual. It will not only help the managers of '10 to obtain ads, but each class has its turn coming in publishing an L. H. S. Annual. Therefore, Freshmen, boost the paper, as your turn will come, even if it is as yet in the hazy mist of future years.

Second, we wish to thank those of the student body who have contributed. As we cannot thank each individual, we take this opportunity of reminding you that your help as well as others', is necessary to make our paper a success. I say "our paper," for is it not yours as well as the Seniors? Some get the idea that the paper belongs to the Seniors. But the Seniors are a small factor. It depends on you—on every individual in old L. H. S. It is true each year contributions grow, yet each staff says there is not enough work among the students.

Third, How about the Faculty? Do they help? We have one of them as legal adviser to our staff, and she is not to be compared with in giving us suggestions, while the others are all loyal, giving their hearty support to a cause which needs it. Is it necessary to say that we thank them?

Fourth, we thank those of the Senior class who have stood their ground and not run every time they saw a member of the staff for fear they would be called upon to write something. There are a few in the class who have stood square and said they would try when asked to write on some subject. We appreciate their willingness.

Thus the Annual each year depends not on a select few, but upon every individual in the school as well as our advertisers.

Alumna! Association

This is an age of progress. Progress in every line of thought and activity. Notice what strides in advancement have been made during the last half century. Study the character of the people, who make up our great nation, and there you will discover the secret of this progress.

The strongest factor in the development of a people is education. This moulder of character is based on the great public school system. This is wherein our government looks after the governed. It sends into each home in the land—even the humblest—the chance to become educated. It gives it freely, because it fully realizes that only an educated people is capable of maintaining a republic. Thus the opportunity is given to each one to fit himself for any line of work he may choose.

In the early history of our country was formed the greatest union the world has ever known. Having thus acquired "the habit," unions of all kinds, religious, social, educational etc., have been formed since then. In 1853 the first commencement of Lancaster High school was held,—Miss Mattie Connell being the only graduate. The classes steadily increased in numbers, so that by the year 1889, there were over two hundred graduates. A few ardent and enthusiastic souls, being fired with zeal, called a meeting of these worthies; and, on a warm spring night, amid the shrill notes of the mosquitoes and the base notes of the June bugs, on an upper floor of the North school building, was organized the illustrious Alumna! Association of the L. H. S.

This Association struggled along through various vicissitudes for several years; but, having bequeathed its debt to the retiring treasurer, it now rears its head proudly, financially as well as intellectually. Twenty

years ago a class of eleven was considered large; but, as the years have passed, the classes have increased in size, until this year not less than forty will have their names inscribed indelibly on the roll of honor for 1909. This indicates plainly the strong but quiet influence of the Alumni.

Hundreds have completed the High school course, and once a year their thoughts turn to the old school, and fond memory recalls with pleasure their school days. Most gladly many meet at this reunion for one evening's renewal of old friendships. Cordial greetings are exchanged; old scenes recalled; old jokes re-told; and always, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."

No one lives to himself alone. Each educated man influences the thought and actions of those with whom he comes in contact. Quite a number of our graduates are obeying the scriptural injunction, "Go ye into all lands, etc." India, Japan, and the Philippines are being helped by them. Then, too, our international marriages are good for the other nations, at any rate. The educational movement in England is being more or less affected, right now, through the influence of the American wife of a prominent Englishman; said wife is a graduate of Lancaster High school.

In our own country our graduates are prominent in all circles. They bear their full share in the affairs of state. To be sure, we have not had a President of the United States yet, but that is a mere oversight. No telling how soon we may. Hurry up, boys, and get in line.

France has her Legion of Honor; England confers her titles; Germany bestows her medals. The Board of Education of Lancaster, Ohio, grants a diploma, which makes the recipient eligible to membership in the Lancaster Alumna! Association. In each case the honor conferred is a recog-

nition of achievement on the part of the individual.

During the last fifty years the L. H. S. has been contributing her quota of capable men and women to the world's efficient workers. At the Alumna! meeting parents with their sons and daughters come together, having completed their early education in the same halls of learning. This creates the double tie of association and devotion to the L. H. S. Over six hundred have passed through her doors with honor,—well started on the road to success.

May the number of her representatives ever be on the increase. May she keep all her old friends and win many new ones.

ANNA DAVIDSON.

○○○

Mrs. Julia Beck Fromlet, '65, will spend the summer of 1909 in a tour through Europe.

Fannie Miller, '05, a teacher in the Lancaster schools, secured a year's leave of absence and has been attending Du Paw University.

Mrs. Celia Creed Grau, '85, of Baltimore, Md., recently visited Lancaster, having made the trip from the East in a touring car.

Hazel Beck, '07, is now employed as a teacher in the fourth grade of the South school building, in Lancaster.

David Sites, '93, some time ago received a flattering appointment in connection with the codifying commission in Columbus.

Mrs. Belle Cox Snider, '97, makes occasional visits to Lancaster from her home in Dayton.

Madge McCoy, '98, is principal of the High school in Beverly, Ohio.

The marriage of Harry K. Beck, '85, and Amelia Klein, '04, took place in October, 1908.

of Lancaster High

Mr. and Mrs. Courtland Boyd are now residents of Bowling Green, O.

Miss Ella Hite, '69, is the efficient assistant at the Lancaster Public Library, and her efforts in the interest of the L. H. S. pupils are greatly appreciated.

Rev. William H. Hannum of Venguela, India, while in this country recently on his furlough, took the post graduate theological course in Chicago University. At the close of the work he received the degree Master of Arts. His major subject was Sanskrit, in which his work was of a remarkable high order.

Mrs. Hattie Whiley Scott, '85, since her recent marriage, has been residing in Newark, Ohio.

Don Shellenberger, '06, has returned from an extended sojourn in California, greatly benefited in health.

Rev. Earl Slutz received an appointment to one of the conferences in Georgia during the past year.

Margaret Ritchie, '07, is filling an important business position in Cincinnati.

Tom Cox, '97, was married to Miss Edna Townsend of Lancaster, in October, 1908.

Walter Hood, '98, resigned his position as principal of the South school building, Lancaster, in June 1908, and has since been practicing law in Indianapolis, Ind.

Harry Gillespie, '97, has returned to Lancaster, after spending several years in St. Louis, Mo.

Ralph Hedges, '07, is a student in Oberlin College.

Marie Ruffner, '08, has been attending school this year at Lutherville, Md.

Joseph Hershberger, '08, is at Ohio State University.

Mrs. Fannie Wright Work, '80, will spend the summer of 1909 with her sister, Mrs. William Hally, in England.

Dr. George O. Beery, '87, is a loyal and enthusiastic supporter of the Alumnae Association, in spite of the fact that his large and successful practice keeps him unusually busy.

Dr. Ralph Byron Bailey, '05, has located in Cleveland, Oklahoma. He was recently married.

George Vorys and Don Tobin both of '06, are attending Ohio State University.

Ray Smith, '02, and Roi DeLancy, '04, toured through Europe in 1908.

James Ditto, '95, visited Lancaster this winter, after an absence of seven years. He is now located at Kansas City.

Edna McCleery, '03, is taking a post-graduate course at Chicago University.

Irene Gromme, '05, completes her course at Ohio State University in June, and has been doing some normal work in the Lancaster High school this spring.

Mame Bauer, '96, is employed as an instructor in music and drawing in the Pittsburg schools.

Alfred Derbyshire, '06, is a faithful employee of the Adams Express Co., of this city.

Miss Elizabeth Baker, '93, one of the efficient teachers in the Lancaster schools, will shortly remove to Kansas, where she will make her permanent home.

Mrs. Fannie Sutphen Leonard, '78, is now a resident of Columbus, to which place she has come for the purpose of educating her children.

Anna Starke, '08, has spent this year at Oxford College.

Mrs. Rose Carter Anderson, '70, is an influential club woman of Sioux City, Iowa.

George P. Rising, '77, accompanied by his son, made an extensive trip in Europe in the summer of 1908.

Rev. W. W. Trout, '77, is pastor of one of the Methodist churches in Newark, Ohio.

Ella Patridge, '92, spent a delightful summer, 1908, in visiting Yellowstone National Park and other western points.

Hazel Stoneburner, '08, is teaching in the Lancaster schools.

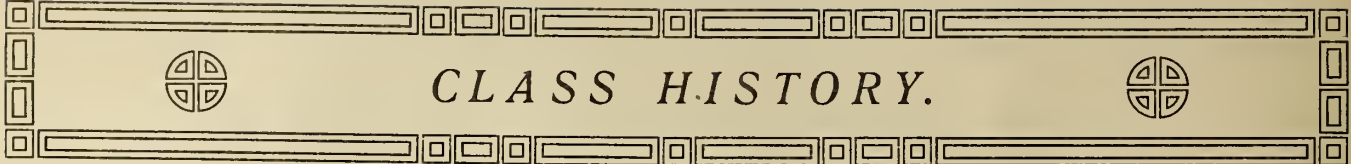
Rowles and Russell Driver, '08, are doing splendid work in Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware.

Oral Myers, '08, is in attendance at Ohio University at Athens.

Our dear little Seniors,
They think themselves so bright;
If they stay here much longer
It'll be day when its night.
But we will soon be rid of them,
It's only till this June.
But if it were tomorrow,
It wouldn't be too soon.—'11.

Mary had a little steam-boat,
She loved it very well.
Mary died and went to heaven,
But the steam-boat went to
Toot, toot!

Here's to the Seniors of nineteen-
nine,
Oh! how we shall miss them,
For them we will pine,
Wherever they go, whatever
they do,
We wish them success
And bid them adieu.—'12.



CLASS HISTORY.

It has always been the custom for some member of the class to write the history of his schoolmates, so we will conform to this custom, although we know that the fame of the class of nineteen nine has long ago been heralded throughout the land.

When first in nineteen five we assembled in the North building, our class numbered one hundred and twenty-five; seventy-four girls and fifty-one boys. The faculty consisted of Miss Davidson, Miss Curtiss, Mr. Brashares, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Hayes. As we ascended the steps and entered the door the words "Stupid Freshmen" were sounded in our ears. But we were no more stupid than Freshman always have been. We were then children learning to walk and, although we were guilty of catching hold of things in order to hold ourselves up, yet that is the way of children.

During the year we changed our quarters to our New building. During our Freshmen year nothing more of importance happened.

The summer vacation came and went. We were then Sophomores. Under the law of the survival of the fittest—or as unkind persons have said—"the survival of the slickest," the class now numbered seventy-five; fifty having fallen by the wayside. This year, also, passed without adding much to our history.

Probably the most significant event to the students was the organization of the class in the Junior year. It was then that we selected Frank McClintock for our president, who has served us through the remainder of our school days. Red and black were the chosen colors.

Our boys have starred on the athletic fields

and in the class room. For four years we have been guided and directed by our teachers. Our work has been planned for us and there has been but little independent forethought on our part. The daily learning of a ten-page history lesson, the translation of twenty lines of Latin, or the preparation of two review and two advance theorems of geometry was always an easy task. Others of our schoolmates have boasted of learning and wit, but they cannot compare with the talented members of the class of nineteen nine.

Of the hundred and twenty-five who formed the class four years ago, nearly fifty have stuck through. Here and there a boy has been enticed away by a four dollar-a-week job.

Trevitt Boerstler is conducting a barber shop on Broadway. Carl Groff, a good Latin student, left a good home (L. H. S.) to avoid work, and is now attending Bliss college, Columbus. Cousin Linville is a clerk at Wacker's grocery. He finds he can do twice as much work in half as much time as when in High school. The other half he spends with one of our Junior lassies. Edward Orman is connected with the Orman Lumber plant in this city. Robert Work and Myrl Fink attended business college in this city. Edgar Junkerman graduates this year at North high, Columbus.

We will now turn our attention to the girls. Mabel Miskell is stenographer for the Martins Hardware company. Kathaleen Kraemer is clerking in one of Cincinnati's dry goods stores. Frances Adams is attending Maryland College for Women. Laura Davis graduates this year at East high, Columbus. Several of our

girls have enlarged their spheres of usefulness by going to boarding schools. Vera Webb is attending boarding school at Geneva, Nebraska, learning to make fudge and excuses. One of the most daring, Rosella Yerrick, has even risked everything in a matrimonial adventure. Elsie Smith was a little slow in starting for Lancaster, and consequently did not arrive until her Junior year. Grace Courtright is now taking a regular course and will graduate in the course of time. Martha Justus withdrew during the present year.

For some time Alice Kunderling was associated with the class of nineteen ten, but recently she saw the error of her ways and joined naught nine.

There cannot but be some sentiment attached to the learning of High school, to the separation of the members of the class of nineteen nine. During these four years we have become filled with a spirit of loyalty and affection for Lancaster High; we have come to love it and its associations. Together we have had our toils and our pleasures, our successes and our failures, striving along the same path toward the same goal. We are bound together by that strongest of all ties—the tie of common interest. Now all this must end. We must leave school and face life in its various forms. We will no longer be always light-hearted and care-free, but we must meet the world with whatever of trials it may have in store for us. The past we have left behind us and now we turn to the future, a future that is full of hopes of achievement. May the members of the class of nineteen nine receive their share of its blessings, and may their presence make this a brighter world.

LAURA BIXLER, '09.

Alice now came wandering in dressed in the garment of a Red-Cross nurse, who was attaining great prosperity by performing miraculous cures with her patent "Ophion Application."

Lavina, a very trustworthy governess, who had started many a young sapling on its way to prosperity, advanced. I recognized her most prominent characteristic to be that of supplying the most needful constituents in the production of artificial gas.

Betram entering in the dress of a baker, appeared the happiest man. For every thing he stirs up pans out well; all he kneads is his dough to burn, and his stock is still rising. Besides he is pious and cheerfully icing his favors for everybody. He is the original wise man of the yeast.

Our Barr to humanity arrived now, who was a strong advocate of the suffragists, and had lately delivered an address on "The Unimportance of Men." But evidently all wise minds do not run in the same channel, for here comes Earl Benadum, who is standing on the pinnacle of his ambition in being the manager of "Yacob Strauss" Opera Company.

We have a very clever maiden in this bunch; for it is the husband who keeps house in her household, while Louise attends the society for the Extinction of Microbes by Means of Electricity.

After greeting this class-mate, I turned to Ellwood Butler, who had won distinction by publishing his book on "The Correct Manipulation of the Water Wagon System," while Grace Shue, ever bright and bonnie, was now assisting Edward Blackman, professor of Esperanto in Blackman University, where Edward's revised Virgil translations were as popular as Williams' Grammar was in L. H. S. in '09.

Scott Courtright now entered, the star base ball champion of the Mud Hens, and a gilt-edged variety of ball is on the sheets.

Russel Hunter collapsed from the strain of being weighed down by B. A.'s and M. D.'s, and 'twas plain to be seen was killing himself by degrees.

But here comes a jolly bunch, who are the leading members of the "Current Gossip Society," who are the "Salt" of the earth, with very high "Ames," often "Moody," but enjoyed because they brought reports from the "Bachelor Girls."

Now I beheld our two society belles, Norine Kennedy and Elsie Smith, who were distinguished for their having given a "White Elephant Party," to which each guest was to

bring something which was of no use to the person, but too good to be thrown away, but lo! to their horror, all but a few brought their husbands, and it was a grand success.

But here comes our sedate member, Frank McClintock, who has aspired to an actor role and is now playing the part of Golly the Grip, in the "Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor."

But just then a ghastly quiet presaged an awful thing to happen. No sooner had I noticed this than there was an awful racket and there came Marshall, the great aeronaut of the world, blowing in direct from Mars. In the confusion which followed, Walter was explaining the cause of his delay, saying it was due to a severe attack of chronic appetitus.

Vernon Mendhank, an agricultural expert in crop growing, entered, his gastronomies being convulsed by such shocking maneuvers, exclaimed: "I hold it true with him, who sings to me clear in divers tones, that men who'd fly ere they have wings are apt to break their bloomin' bones. The birds may think it is fully worth their while to soar from tree to tree, but while I live this good old earth is smooth enough for me."

ISABEL K. MILLER, '09.

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BE YE PUNCTUAL.

The unceasing prevalence of tardiness in our midst this year caused the Powers that Be to put down the foot rather heavily about March first, and a decree went forth unique in the extreme. It stated that the first person who was tardy after March first, should read a paper on punctuality before the school one week from the day on which the offence was committed. The following article is the one presented by Launcelot Murdock, '12, the first guilty man:

"Be ye punctual, or ye shall be compelled to write a composition on punctuality." I do not know from whom this is quoted, but it sounds good enough to me to be the saying of some great man: "Time and tide wait for no man"—neither does the tardy bell. But there are exceptions to all rules except that of the tardy bell. I never knew it to ring behind time. Time is not quite punctual. She loses about one-fourth of a day a year, then she tries to make it up again by gaining a day every fourth year, but gains too much, and tries to lose that by not adding a day every one hundred years, and so on indefinitely.

The seasons try to be punctual, but the irregularity of the zodiac makes the seasons vary from one to three days in different years, and they are gradually shifting backward, and are invariably a little behind time.

Tides try to be punctual but as they are controlled by the moon and sun, and the moon travels around the earth in an ellipse and the earth around the sun in the same manner, it is impossible for them to be exactly on time and the frictional resistance of the earth upon the tide as it passes over the earth causes the tide to lose time.

"The early bird catches the worm." The early High school pupil catches the approval of the faculty, but the late one catches ————— the honor of writing and delivering an article on punctuality.

LAUNCELOT MURDOCK, '12.

SENIOR RHETORICALS.

Unto each age a sovereign work is given,
A work that lifts ensuing ages nearer Heaven.

This year heralded in an age of oratorical development unsurpassed by former, and a precedent for oncoming generations of our High School. Mr. Cassidy, foreseeing a race of orators about to be developed, determined to establish six days on which the fountain of learning might be tapped, giving the general public an opportunity of sipping from the gushing stream of sparkling oratory, of obtaining a panoramic view over the vast field of our knowledge, and of being educated to a wonderful degree, by the scintillating intellects of those oratorically predominant.

Six days were set and it was agreed that, as those who would be called on to yield somewhat from their marvelous stores of knowledge, would be Seniors, the occasion should be named Senior Rhetoricals.

Lest the programs should prove too deep for the common understanding, lighter entertainment was also provided. The orchestra, an organization founded several years before, which had been practicing steadily, all unbeknown to the general public, suddenly flashed forth before the public eye under the name of the High School Orchestra and soothed the ears of the vast audiences with resplendent harmony. Silvery voices were awakened to melody to please enraptured crowds, proving the old, old saying—"Music hath charms to still the savage breast." Nor did the piano fail to do its part. The numberless throngs present were moved first to tears, then to laughter and always to the praises of those who moved them by their skill.

All these things, brilliant as they were, were brought to focus on these grand occasions, that, as a maiden grandly gowned, the speeches, the real efforts of the occasion, might be made even more attractive.

Each age has seen its speakers. The

Roman forum has echoed to the moving eloquence of Catulus, of Hortentius, and of Cicero. The world has listened to those antient Greeks, Pericles and Demosthenes who inflamed the hearts of their hearers by their far-famed orations. On our native soil our fathers' blood was stirred by the stinging words of Henry Clay and by the polished phrases of Daniel Webster. All this has passed and people have looked in vain for worthy successors of these great men. Is the world growing duller? Is higher civilization debasing and injurious to the keen intellect? Have all the great men of history lived? No. Indeed, no! Nature but halts to fortify her new position before she charges forward. All greatness is not dead. All eloquence is not passed. "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles V had his Cromwell," and Demosthenes may yet be surpassed in oratory.

The names of these great men have been carved high and deep in the tablet of immortal fame, but where in all the list do you find such orators as Courtright, as McClintock, and as Anderson. The old schools have thundered forth their eloquence to listening thousands; the new school has not yet reached the highest pinnacle of its fame. The old schools gave their attention to delivery, to polish, and to appearance, but it has remained to the present age to combine the logic of a Socrates, the psychology of a Plato, with the grace and delivery of a Demosthenes. The old schools groaned and chattered about things past and gone; it remains to the new school to speak on modern items. Imagine Cicero speaking on "Lincoln," Themosticles on "Wireless Telegraphy," or Pericles on "American Forestry." Their minds were wonderful, but they left such great topics to a brighter generation, and who could do them greater justice than the Lancaster Senior Class of 1909?

The Attic and Asiatic schools are things of the past and the birthplace of twentieth century eloquence is the L. H. S. The fame of its oratory is still not widely spread, but when it gains its true glory, with pride will we say it was ushered in by the Seniors of '09 in the Senior Rhetoricals.

Class Day Program

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 8, 1909.

Music Orchestra
 Class History Laura I. Bixler
 Class Prophecy Isabel K. Miller
 Class Song Seniors

Orchestra.

Class Play—"HIS UNCLE JOHN."

Cast of Characters.

Jack Sanderson—Class of 1910, Drake Harry Jackson
 Nellie Homes Sanderson, his wife Hazel Sue Wolcott
 Mr. John Van Courtland, his Uncle Frank F. McClintock
 Mr. Bert Allison, his friend Walter W. Marshall
 Miss Lucy Harrington, his friend's sweetheart E. Floy Shallenberger
 "Nubbins" Goodwin, football friend Karl K. Morris
 Mrs. Slaters, his landlady Bess M. Hammack
 Class Colors—Red and Black.



Commencement Program

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 10.

Orchestra.

Invocation.

(a) "Bridal Chorus"—From "The Rose Maiden" }
 (b) "Love's Old Sweet Song" Molloy } High School Chorns

Music High School Orchestra

"Sail on, O Ship of State" High School Chorus

Class Address Hon. A. I. Vorys

Presentation of Diplomas.

"Good Night, Good Night, Beloved"—Pinsuti High School Chorns

Music High School Orchestra

New Additions.

We have in our school an Ohio flag, the first to wave over a public building in this State. It was the intention to have the flag first displayed at the inauguration of Gov. Harmon, but as usual Lancaster was ahead of the procession and the flag waved from our flag staff some days before the celebration in Columbus.

○○○

A new fifty dollar microscope has been added to our school for aid in the study of Botany. It would give most anyone the big-head to see himself thru it. It makes a mosquito look like a gas derrick and will be of great use in enlarging the intellect.

On May 4th the Juniors invited the entire school to witness their presentation of the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice." Each actor brought glory upon himself. Robert Hannum as Shylock, Margaret Busby as Portia, Francis Wright as Antonio, and the others acted their parts so well that they were forced to repeat the scene with additions at a later date.

This year a number of our Seniors attracted some notice by passing examinations. Scott Court-right and Karl Morris received both Common and High School teacher's certificates; Harry Jackson and Edward Blackman passed the Common School teachers examination and Dorothy Durain received the second highest grade in the Civil Service test.

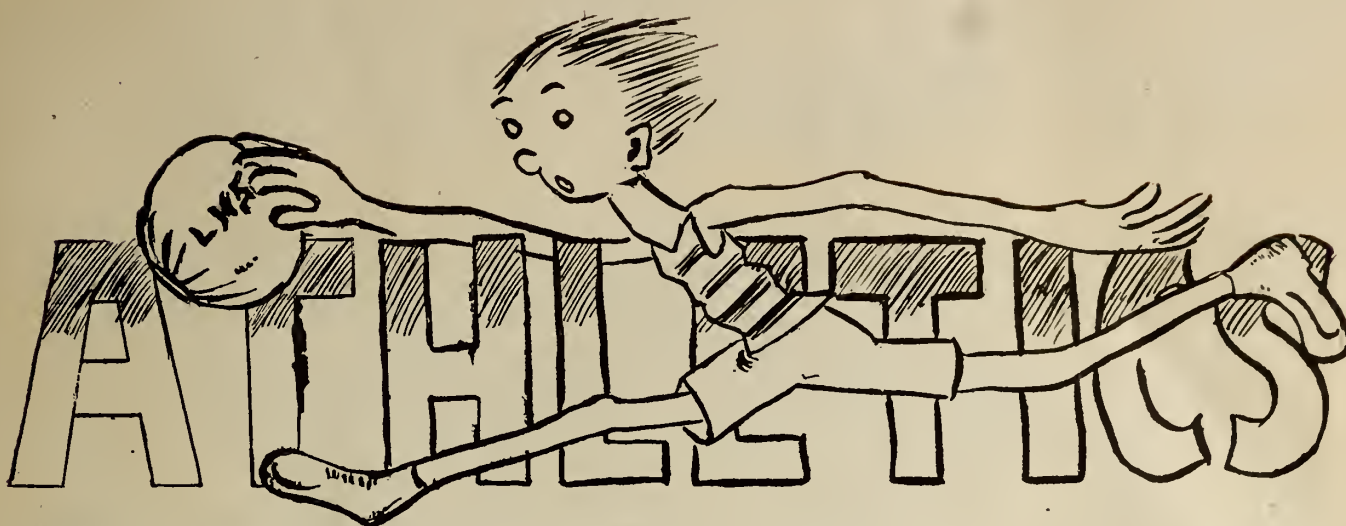
Among those our school regrets to lose are Bertha Bell Chatterton and Flossie Denny who next year will be in Delaware and Westerville respectively.



STAFF.

Top Row—Earl Benadum, Harry Jackson, Charles Brashares.

Lower Row—Mabel Barr, Bess Hammack, Russell J. Hunter, Dorothy Durain.



 A LAS 'tis true! Without any hesitancy whatever, throwing aside all deceit and coming right down to the true course of affairs, we must confess that our present athletics are not what they should be. With such a school as ours, athletics ought surely stand out as leading feature of our school work, but somehow there is something lacking that is needed or perhaps something present that is actually harmful, and unless changed athletics will be but a thing of the past with Lancaster High.

The predominating opinion of most of our thoughtful lovers of this art are all as one in regards to the unsuccessful course that athletics have been recently pursuing and I feel that I am voicing the sentiment of the majority of them when I say that our athletics need more careful attention.

Some years ago Lancaster High was excelled by none along the line of successful athletic achievements, and her reputation as being a school of massive intellectual ability was combined with one equally as great along the line of clean and successful athletics.

Many reasons are offered for this very noticeable decline and indeed many factors are involved in its fall.

Prominent among the defects in our athletics stands the lack of system. Before any success can be attained in our athletics we must begin to put into practise and appreciate a logical and orderly method of management. We are all aware of the fact that athletics are carried on in a careless sort of way; we have had

an athletic association but lack of interest and support have caused its abandonment, and without this head to our athletics we cannot carry them on in any definite manner. Such an association is an invaluable support to clean and sound athletics. It would provide us with the much needed schedule system, thus insuring all engagements at home and abroad and and by this enabling us to carry on our athletic work in a more definite manner.

But on the other hand a great amount of this laxity and disinterest may be due to the weak and unsympathetic support of athletics as they now are. Athletics cannot be carried on and success achieved financially or otherwise, unless they are aided by the hearty support of the student body, and the tranquil co-operation and approval of the faculty. Whenever the students begin to realize that their support is an absolute necessity and then after this realization begin to do their share, then there is bound to be improvement. Out of our present jumble of affairs is sure to rise a system that will boost our athletic standard and hopes. Even the faculty will become interested and boost and smile with the rest. We that are leaving this school must do so before these fondest hopes are realized. But it would be some satisfaction if we could at least be able to see that it is not always to be thus and we depart with the fervent prayers and high hopes that L. H. S. shall soon be up with the rest along this brawn developing art.

HARRY JACKSON, '09

FOOT BALL.

About twenty-five aspiring candidates responded to the call of Capt. McClintock last fall for the selection of our representative squad for the season of 1908.

In spite of the fact that the absence of Hershberger, Roush, Crooks and Alten left what seemed big holes in the line-up. Renshaw, Alford, Keifaber and Leitnaker stepped in and filled these places admirably.

After many nights of good practise, including scrimmage and signal work, McClintock picked his team to contest with Logan here on October 2nd.

Our friends from down the valley proved an easy victim for our boys and swallowed bitter defeat in a 11-0 dose.

Our boys were in the pink of condition and the style in which they played their positions gladdened the hearts of all.

Glowing with enthusiasm over this victory Lancaster High next wiped up Lancaster soil on October 9th, with the mighty Circlevillains and convinced them with a 16-0, proof that they were hardly in our class.

But oh! Our pride was severely humbled before long. Alas, the day when our boys traveled to Logan in joyous expectancy of another victory. November 14, was the date and 5-0 the score. Both teams played admirably but Logan proved our betters by five points, thus squaring up for the defeat administered to her on our gridiron.

But the worst is yet to come. It all happened at Washington, C. H., to which place the squad traveled on

The Alps

Confectionery, 128 W. Main Street
The Home of Quality.

A. D. LOUVIS, Proprietor.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

Thanksgiving day with the expectation of a big dinner and then a glorious victory. The Washington grub proved too much for our warriors and consequently resulted in their defeat. To be brief, the score was 16-0 in favor of the other fellows.

Besides the three games played there were three cancelled games. One with East High of Columbus, at Lancaster, and with South High of Columbus, at Columbus, and one with Circleville at Circleville.

Lineups:

Renshaw	L. E.
Waters	L. T.
Miller-Barker	L. G.
Fortier	C.
Marshal	R. G.
Alford	R. F.
Abbot	R. E.
Kiefaber	Q.
McClintock, Capt.	L. H.
Rissler	R. H.
Leitnaker	F. B.

BOYS' BASKET BALL.

Besides the several teams that represented the classes in our school league, Lancaster High was represented by a first-class basket ball squad chosen from the various class teams. Three games were played and Lancaster proved the victor on two of

these occasions. The following are the results:

At Lancaster, 47—Logan, 9.

At Logan, 6—Lancaster, 25.

At Nelsonville, 30—Lancaster, 18.

Lineup.

Miller, Manager	R. F.
Capt. McClintock	L. F.
Leitnaker	C.
Baumgardner	R. G.
Marshal	L. G.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

The girls' basket ball team was re-organized last season and that was all. Several practices were indulged in and the girls showed up fairly well, but they cannot show their true colors until they get into a real game and it is to be hoped that these wants will be satisfied next season.

BASE BALL.

Base ball fever struck Lancaster High early this spring and on account of this interest shown in the games. Capt. McClintock was able to select a team that was a little the best of any preceeding one. Abbot was in excellent condition during the season and supported by the splendid infield work of Miller, Blackman, Renshaw and Kindler was able to do excellent work on all occasions. Only one

game was played up until the publication of this paper, but we hope that the boys will have many more opportunities to show thir speed before the close of the school season.

The boys played at Amanda, May 7th, and the way in which they cleaned up that bunch was a caution. It was simply a slugging match for Lancaster, eleven singles and eight double, a triple and a home run being made off of the opposing pitcher, while Abbott only allowed five measly hits, and as a result presented his team mates with a 15-3 victory.

Lineup.

Capt. McClintock, c.; Abbot, p.; Renshaw, ss.; Kindler, 3b.; Radebaugh, rf; Dysinger, cf; Waters, lf; Miller, 1b; Blackman, 2b.

The girl's tennis organization was a decidedly new innovation for Lancaster High and has rapidly gained favor among the fair sex.

The six-mile Marathon successfully promulgated and carried out by the Lancaster merchants this spring proved a great hit, especially so to the high school students, because of the success of one of her representatives, Earl Benadum, who carried off second honors and of several others who came in for minor prizes.

CHARITY PROGRAM

**Given by Some Energetic and Generous L. H. S. Students for
the Benefit of the "Debris."**

Piano Duet.....We 2-Step
Earl Tobin and Grace Bumgardner.
"Bare Tone" Solo "Where Has My Lima Bean (Been?)"
Frank McClintock.
Reading....."Speak Up Fred, 'Spress Yourself"
Mary Mechling.
Duet....."If You Love Me As I Love You"
Sam Renshaw and F. Shallenberger.

INTERMISSION.

Thunderstorms Askovimolknisky
H. S. Orchestra.
Solo "Altho Lonely, I'm Cheerful"
Sarah Erick.
Reading "Gentleman From Sugar Grove"
Grace Courtright.
Duet....."Happy are We This Day Hath Come"
Ed. Blackman, Catharine Bowers.
Quartette....."Watching and Waiting"
Miller, Blackman, Marshall, Jackson.
Confidential Talk "Advantage of Heavy Weight"
Karl Morris.
Solo "I Lost My Heart When I Saw Your Eyes"
Russell Barr.
Address "Stick-to-it-iveness"
Rev. Harry Dysinger.
Song....."Are Our Names Written There?"
Girls' Chorus.
Leonardo Dorriski Thomas.....Musical Director
Fraulein Elsie Schmidt Pianist

SENIORHAHA!

In five years and nineteen hundred,
Nineteen hundred and five summers,
Was an epoch in the History,
History of this grand old High
School.
This tribe entered strong in number
Heap big freshman class had pow-
wow,
Had a pow-wow for a chieftain.
Braves and squaws came from their
tepees,
All were quiet for to listen,
Of the braves were few appointed,
Who had never feared for danger,
One of them was made our chieftain.

Second summer of our schooling,
Chieftain ordered not one pow-wow,
Braves and squaws all worked to-
gether
Worked together as one family.
In September, nineteen seven,
We as Juniors were all numbered;
Then we had another pow-wow.

Frank McClintock, then our chief-
tain,
Said we'd better choose our war
paint,
War paint colored black and crim-
son.
Pennant then was in construction,
Like an arrow-head in figure,
We laid plans for heap big eatings.
For to give our older brothers,
Who were now about to leave us;
Leave us and our dear old High
School.
Halls were all trimmed up with
wampum—
Squaws know how to make good
wampum—
Chief McClintock made much fine
talk;
Held the record of the tribe up,
Tribe of braves and squaws—un-
beaten.
In the hot months we disbanded,
Not to meet until September,
Just three months from when we
parted,
We assembled—hale and hearty.

Nineteen hundred and eight sum-
mers,
Have now passed and we are Sen-
iors;
We're the highest clan and family,
Save the tribe who teach us gospel,
Medicine man and all his wonders,
They all love us and we love them,
Honor them with heap much re-
verence.

Chief McClintock called a pow-wow,
Pow-wow for the braves to try out;
Find who bore the most unflinching
Worked them hard to test endur-
ance.
Then the best ones dug up hatchet;
Fought some tribes from other fam-
ilies.

Winter came, we sought our tepees,
Tepees built by squaws for winter;
In the spring the smaller families
Had their pow-wows for to beat us;
We again dug up the hatchet,
Went for them with torch and base
ball.
Of the three tribes that defied us,
We scalped all of them quite closely
Made a score that scared them
greener,
Then we buried arms forever.

We have formed a grand allegiance
With the Board of Education,
That we'll do what we're able,
To promote what they have started.
Now as we shall leave this village;
Village of our friendly families,
We shall say "fair well, dear broth-
ers,"
Bid adieu to our instructors,
Who have worked with us so faith-
ful,
Taught us how to use our weapons,
Tomahawks and bows and "gray
stuff."

In the sixth month of the circle,
We shall dance around the camp
fire;
Camp fire which for us burus
brightly—
Our last dance, farewell to school
life.

One more time to have big pow-
wow,
All our sires and papoose brothers,
Mothers, sisters see this pow-wow;
Decked in all our gorgeous war
paint,
Pennants, ribbons, decorations,
Will our school show us our part-
ing;
Parting which to us is painful.

We do hope that this, our High
School,
Will forever live successful;
And will send those braves who
study,
To the "grounds of happy hunting."
T. E. BENADUM.

CLASS SONG.

Tune Ohio True—Ohio Grand.

1.

We are the class of 1909,
In intellect we break the rule,
We've brought our studies to the time
When we must leave thee, fair high
school;
We've learned thy lessons carefully,
And that they've helped us; none
deny,
For them we pledge ourselves to
three,
Lancaster High! Lancaster High!

Chorus.

We'll spread thy name o'er plain and
grove,
We'll raise thy banner to the sky;
We'll gild with fame the name we
love,
Lancaster High! Lancaster High!

2.

Before us lies futurity,
Our mighty weapon, sculptor's tool;
With which we'll carve a name for
thee,
The best, the most beloved, High
school;
We'll sing thy praise by land and sea,
And raise the heavens with our cry;
We'll live that we may honor thee,
Lancaster High! Lancaster High!

C. B.

FAVORITE SONGS.

Mabel Barr—"Peaches and Cream."
Grace Bumgardner—"I Just Can't
Make My Eyes Behave."
Earl Benadum—"Lonesome."
Elwood Butler—"Auf. Weidersehn
Franklin."
Charles Brashares—"He was a
Wonderful Man."
Norma Carmon—"Are You Sin-
cere?"
Dorothy Durain—"True Blue Eyes."
Harry Dysinger—"Norma Darling."
Mary Frame—"When My Golden
Hair Has Turned to Silver Gray."
Sarah Erick—"Nobody's Little (?)
Girl."
Karl Eymann—"I'm Always Doing
Something."
Bess Hammock—"Coax Me."
Russell Hunter—"It's Nice to Have
a Sweetheart."
Mary Hyle—"The Giggler."
Harry Jackson—"Be Good (if you
can't be careful)."
Marguerite Kennedy—"Somebody's
Waiting For You."

Norine Kennedy—"Everyone Was
Meant For Someone."

Walter Marshall—"For He is a Jolly
Good Fellow."

Frank McClintock—"Not Because
Your Hair is Curly."

Marie McFarland—"Whose Little
Girl Are You?"

Joe McFee—"When The Whip-
poor-will Sings Marguerite."

Mary Mechling—"Making Eyes."

Odelle Miller—"Like the Rose,
You're the Fairest."

Isabell Miller—"I'd Do Anything in
the World for You, 'Dear.'"

Ferd Miller—"I'd Rather be a Lob-
ster Than a Wise Guy."

Vernon Mondhank—"It's Hard to
Love Somebody."

Effie Moody—"School Days."

Karl Morris—"I'm a Lawyer."

Fred Musser—"Mary is a Grand Old
Name."

Lavina Pierce—"Stingy."

Louise Plinke—"I'd Rather Two-
Step Than Waltz, Bill."

Mabel Pontius—"Keep on Smiling."

Floy Shellenbarger—"Be Sweet to
Me, Kid."

Grace Shue—"A Social Dame."

Elsie Smith—"Sweet-Heart Days."

Bertram Waters—"No Wedding
Bells For Me."

Hazel Wolcott—"Sunbonnet Sue."

Scott Courtright—"I Wish I Had a
Girl."

Alice Kundinger—"Don't Stop to
Argue."

Altie Darfus—"Are You a Single or
a Married Man?"

Laura Bixler—"I'm Always Misun-
derstood."

Wilma Solt—"A Country Lass."

Ed. Blackman—"Smarty."

Hazel Ames—"There Never Was a
Girl Like You."

A FEW OF THE JUNIORS.

1. Most wise and upright..... Carl Griffith
2. The peaceful one...Lenora Stage
3. It was the Dutch Beula Oberdorfer
4. The oldest one....Norma Elder
5. The statesman.....Webb Vorys
6. The real sport....Sam Renshaw
7. The class photographer Hazel Tobias
8. The first boy to get married.... Clay Bumgardner
9. The most coquettish Mable C. Smith
10. The most dignified Dorothy Whitley
11. Not because your hair is curly.. Frank Busby

12. The weather prophet Elsie Du "rain"
13. The meekest one Kathryn Lamb
14. Short and sweet Florence McCleery
15. The most witty Russell Cunningham
16. The jolliest girl Grace Courtright
17. The best athlete...Boyd Abbott
18. The nearest heaven Robert Hannum
19. The best mechanic Vera Carpenter
20. Used too much anti fat Corwin & Drinkle
21. Not quantity, but quality Helen Benner
22. The dainty little society girl .. Loretta Harbison
23. "Frank" in all things Relna Miesse
24. The moving picture man Francis Wright
25. The comrade of Cicero Mary Hershberger
26. The "cunning" girl Coral Glick
27. The most spry.....Elsie Quick
28. The best musician Flossie Denny

THE KISS.

Born of Mother Eve in the garden
awake with lusty life, the hand maid
of human happiness through the cen-
turies which preceded the dawn of a
higher civilization; the spiritual
greeting of early church and the me-
dium through which Judas betrayed
his master; ever the symbol of love
and the Acme of human bliss—"The
Kiss." The kiss lives in all langu-
ges, knows neither race nor condi-
tion, nor does it care a continental;
sets all laws of defiance if occasion
requires, in Cupid's Court; sits en-
throned and crowned as a king to
whom the world yields homage. It is
passion's parent, always. The begin-
ning of the banquet; the Manhattan
cocktail of fascinating flavor, which
precedes the feast.

Kisses are of two kinds, those of
love and those of esteem. Easily re-
cognized on sight. The last is purely
perfunctory—something which is,
but was not and never really hap-
pened. But the other; what does it
not say and mean? Beautiful as Hebe,
with a form double discounting Diana
Minerva's brow. Eyes like stars
and eyes which would throw a ruby into
fourteen varieties of fits. Say, ain't
she a dope-tinted, dreamy, dream!
Take her in your arms gently,
but firmly and when she tips her
head to get a squint at the North star
nail her to the cross. Let your lips
softly press upon her'n and hold
hard. Count 5 'ere you release her—
50 if both feel that way. Gee! but it's
good!

SAM R.



FOOT BALL TEAM.

Moore
Pratt

JOKES. *****

Chem. Student, (to little boy—
 "Don't say salt, say Na cl, that
 means salt."

Little boy—"Does it, what means
 pepper?"

A new high school grammar gives
 the following verb forms:

Prin. p's.—Cassidy, Brashares, Mc-
 Cracken.

Musser, present; Hawk, imperfect;
 Lacie, perfect; L. Thomas, past per-
 fect; Curtiss, future perfect.

Miss P. (in English)—"Carl, will
 you please stop talking and read a
 few lines?"

Carl M. (reading)—"I would not by
 my will have troubled you."

Miss P.—"I accept your apology."

Vorys—It's Smith, to be sure, but
 which one?

Mary Hyle—"I have often regretted
 my speech, never my silence."

"Now I lay me down to rest,
 To study hard I've done my best;
 If I should die before I wake,
 Then I'll have no exam's. to take."
 W. W. M.

Mr. Hawk—"What are you doing—
 learning anything?"

Student—"No, sir, listening to you."

Gillette—"Go to the ant thou slug-
 gard, consider her ways and be wise."

"It is a little question,
 And yet has many scared;
 Why tests are always sure to come,
 When we are unprepared."

P. Blackman—"Too wise to err; too
 good to be unkind."

Miss Musser, (in Phys. Geo.)—
 "Gladys, you may give the names of
 the tides."

Gladys B.—"Spring-tide and reap-
 tide and—and a"

Charles Miller—"Yule-tide."

T. Alfred—Much ability he had un-
 derneath his lid. But ah! he knew
 it! ah, he did!

Rule in Physics—The deportment
 of a pupil varies directly as the
 square of the distance from the
 teacher's desk.

The hairs of a man's head may be
 numbered, but a good many that the
 ladies wear have the price marks on
 them.

OVER THE WIRES.

Ruth and Mable Clare,
 Two young maidens fair;
 Came to school one morning,
 Just as late as e'er.

Soon they reached the corner,
 All was blank and still;
 "What if we should be tardy
 Before we cross the hill?"

Then with one grand burst of speed,
 They sprinted up the street;
 But just then, a little wire,
 Quickly caught their flying feet.

A crash! a shriek! and horrors!
 Oh! that awful, awful wire;
 For it caused those two sweet maidens
 To plunge head-first in the mire.

So learn this lesson well, my friends,
 And take your time each day;
 For, though early or late, fast or slow,
 The tardy bell rings in the same
 old way.

JOE McFEE.

"As over the hills of Rome you go,
 Shun ponies—be content to walk;
 For when you want them fast to run,
 Why then, they're sure to balk."
 W. W. M. '09

Wanted—A lever to raise grades in
 chemistry.

F. Delancy—"Heaven is a habit and
 so is Olive!"

Miss D., (in history)—"What bod-
 y of men controls the money in U. S.?"

A. Radebaugh—"The Standard Oil
 Company. Didn't you know that?"

Mr. T. (chorus practice)—"Wait a
 minute, Elsie, some one in the back
 row held on to that "hand" too long."

Ed. Alten, (in botany)—"Miss Mus-
 ser, if you plant a seed upside down
 in a flower pot, would the plant come
 out the hole in the bottom?"

Miss M.—"Yes, if the pot was up
 side down."

Anybody desiring information in re-
 gards to "the petty rounds and irri-
 tating concerns and duties" of matri-
 monial union, ask Thomas.

Alice was always ready to answer
 any question that was asked of her,
 or anybody else and on one occasion
 Miss Davidson slightly exasperated
 at her desire to answer questions di-
 rected to other pupils, said: "Alice,
 if you happened to be around when
 some gentleman asked me a certain
 important question, I am afraid you
 would answer yes."

Walter M., (in geology)—"I don't
 know whether I know it all or not."

Miss Musser—"I don't think you
 do."

ONE ON THE SENIORS.

One of our emerald hued fresh-
 men recently showed that he possess-
 ed a small amount of gray matter also.

He timidly approached a dignified
 Senior and bursted forth like this:
 "Most high and worthy scholar, I
 have a question for you that will of-
 ford excellent practice for your cere-
 bric cells and the mechanism of your
 brain."

"Spit 'er out," pompously replied
 the Most High, very ungrammatically.

"If a man should sprint around a
 mile track at a fast rate of speed,
 and then by extraordinary effort dou-
 ble his gait, would he overtake him-
 self?"

"No!" roared the questioned one
 with very apparent disgust at the
 boldness of this pariah to address
 such a one as he with such nonses-
 sical quaff, when his mind was full of
 Virgil.

"Wrong again" smilingly replied the
 green one and then with a noticeable
 expansion of his pulmonaric regions;
 "You will have to admit that he
 would finally be beside himself—with
 exhaust'on."

The Senior snorted and murmuring
 disapproval at the negligence of the
 fool killers, softly kicked himself and
 faded away.

TO THE BUSY MAN OR BUSY WOMAN.

When you want a light lunch that is clean, wholesome, served right there is
 just one place to go. Perhaps you feel like eating a more substantial meal, say a
 steak or chop. If so, we cater to your wants with the best of meats, carefully pre-
 pared and appetizing. We suggest a visit to the EAGLE RESTAURANT and
 be convinced. 129 WEST MAIN STREET.

OH, FRESHIE!

Oh, Freshie! Oh, Freshie!
 You simple, green thing,
 To come into High School
 Expecting to win,
 All the prizes at stake;
 All the laurels and goals;
 And even surpass the
 Aged seniors with scrolls.
 Your head and your hands
 And your feet are so swell;
 They barely squeeze into
 Their coverings at all;
 Your shoes are two x's,
 Your hats number 10;
 Your nose extends out,
 Not unlike the hen.
 Don't you know you know nothing?
 Then why don't you work?
 Don't stand around idle,
 And don't be a shirk;
 Just keep on aworking;
 Do always your best;
 For you've got to rise early,
 To pace with the rest.

During a recent rain storm, a freshman was heard to remark: "Oh, girls! let's wait awhile, or I will get my rain coat all wet."

Mr. Hawk, (to chemistry class)—
 "Is this phosphate?"
 Hazel W.—"No; Phite."
 Voice—"Please don't."

Mr. Hawk, (in chemistry)—"Last week, I saw a wonderful machine that measures the dent on a steel plate made by blowing your breath on it."
 H. Jackson—"Oh, you can get those down at Kirby's."

Grace Courtright—"Freshies may come, Seniors may go, but I'll stay here forever."

Earl T.—"All the world loves a lover. Who would refrain that had a heart to love?"

Fierce lessons.
 Late hours.
 Unexpected company.
 Nothing prepared.
 Knocked again.

The chorus was singing at one of the Senior rhetorical and Mr. Thomas was swinging his baton vigorously. "Mamma," said a small boy in the audience: "What's that man hittin' at those people like that for?" "Hush, Johnny," said his mother, "He's not striking at them." "Then what are they hollowing so for?"

Charles Brashares is one of those with intellect abnormal. He goes about with saluety men and in his dress is formal. In spite of this, he's not a sis, nor "Percy" designated; but he's the boy to reap the joy, for youth predestinated.

The Lion of the Freshman Class—
 Theodore Alfred.

Sam—"My dear, when I look into your eyes the blue of the sky seems faded."

Floy S.—"That's nothing, dear, when I look at your face the very grass is faded."

Miss Musser—"James, how dare you swear before me?"

James—"How'd I know you wanted to swear first?"

Mr. Hawk—(taking a student by the shoulder in the lab.)—"I believe Satan has a hold on you."

The boy—"I believe he has too."

Puzzel—Taking his girl home one night. "Jay H's arm looked like this: — Find where Ruth M. was?"

Miss M.—Fred Smetters, talk out of your mouth; I can't understand you."

Miss Perfect, (to Freshman)—"Can you give one of Benjamin Franklin's maxims?"

V. Singles—"An empty bag will not stand alone."

Miss Perfect—"Sit down."

Mr. Hawk—"Is labor a desirable thing?"

Foster Sunderman—"It is not."

Harry Dysinger, (in basket ball outfit pointing to a player)—"He will be our best man in a couple of weeks."
 Norma C.—"Oh, Harry, this is so sudden!"

Mr. McC.—"What is the relation between these two parallelopipeds, James?"

J. Kiger—"The second has the same dimensions as the first, only it is larger?"

"Percy" Burnett went into the Eagle restaurant the other night and seeing a lot of sandwiches under a glass, told the waiter to give him one. He took it from the waiter, opened it and closed it up again, and gave it to the waiter and said, "Shuffle 'em up again, I got the Joker."

Ed. Alten gave \$1.00 to learn the following price of advice about raising turnips: "Catch ahold of their tops and pull."

Miss M.—"Howard, are you asleep?"

Howard—"Yes'm."

Karl M., (talking temperance)—
 "Beer leads a man quickly to his grave."

E. B.—"That's the old-fashioned way. They use coffins, now."

A Hypothetical Case.

At opening exercises the first day this year, our principal was noticed to remark: "I see we have an unusually large Freshman class this year. I will now read for our morning lesson, the third Psalm, beginning, 'Lord how are they increased that trouble me.'"

My pony is my helper; I shall not flunk.

He maketh me to have good translations and leadeth me to much glory.

He raiseth my standing; He leadeth me into the paths of wisdom for credit's sake.

Yea though, I plod thru the fourth book of Virgil, I shall fear no failure, for thou art with me. Thy words and thy phrases, they comfort me. Thou preparest my lessons for me in spite of mine instructors; thou crownest my head with fame and my standings run high.

Surely applause and recognition shall follow me all the days of my school life, and my pony shall dwell in my library forever.

Virgilist, 23: 1-6.

Wanted—My equal, Pauline Tannehill.

Suggestions Concerning Seniors Room

1. The Seniors room was made for loafers.
2. Drop in any time without knocking. The Seniors can study better while you are there; besides they might be lonesome.
3. Bring all the dirt into the room you can; it makes less sweeping in the hall for the janitor.
4. Be noisy! The Seniors might not otherwise know you are about.
5. Any notes or information you fail to get in class can be obtained at any time from the Seniors.
6. When you have the blues, just give the Seniors a call. They will boost you up (with their feet.) That is their business.
7. The desks will hold six or seven. Don't be afraid of breaking them.
8. If you shut the door, slam it.
9. If not invited, call again. It may be that the Seniors are too busy to think of it.

Isabel M., in Virgil struggling over the passage—"Oscula libavit natae" is impatiently interrupted by Miss Thomas. "He kissed the lips of his daughter. It's not at all difficult."

Now I lay me down to sleep,

While Hawk delivers lectures deep;
 If I should hap' to snore, I know,

Around the building I must go.

—Alfred Tennyson (nit)

W. Clark—"We would thou were half so constant as thy photograph."

Miss P., (in twelfth night)—"I don't quite believe the Duke, when he speaks of the inconstancy of a woman's love; I think women are as constant as men in that respect."

Voice—"How do you know?"

One Senior lad loves Botany,
He's always analyzing flowers;
If not in the woods 'mong shrub and tree,
He seeks in town, his own sweet "Bowers."

Miss D.—"What's the matter, Frank?"

Frank Delancy—"I have a splinter in my hand."

Miss D.—"I thought you were rubbing your head with unnecessary friction a while ago."

Karl E., (in 4th Eng.)—"Tennyson was born in Somerset."

Miss C., (in 1st Lat.)—"What is the plural of she?"

Fred Smetters—"Shes."

Miss Musser, (in Geo.)—"Clay, you may give me your map, and Sam your outline."

Walter Marshall—"You may have me."

Mr. Brashares, (with bad cold)—"Harold, did you ever have a cold so bad that you couldn't get rid of it?"

Harold S.—"No, sir, or I'd have it yet."

Miss D., (in Ancient History)—"Margaret, who was called the savior of his people in Rome?"

Margaret—"I don't know his name, but he was a grand son of—"

Miss D.—"Oh! I don't care for that, all I want is the man."

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard this fact before;
But have you heard she passed her plate,
And had a little more.

Hawk, (at Senior rehearsal—"How do you pronounce I-t-a-l-i-a-n?"

McClintock, (half suppressed)—"Dago."

Which One?

Thomas at chorus practice reprimanding Chas. Miller for breaking line—"Charles, close up that gap!"

A friend to Grace Courtright hath said: "Ye dyed ye hair upon ye head." She answered back—"It's false, you mite." He slowly saith: "I guess thou'rt right."

BASE BALL.

Now its time to root base ball,
The glorious season's come;
Shin up the highest tree, so,
You can see the fun.

There's a fellow up to bat,
With a great big hickory limb;
He lashes once; he lashes twice!
Three notches in the wind.

But now the home team's up to bat,
The other's looking sore;
No wonder, when your wondering eye
Looks upon the score.

There comes a mighty rumble,
The ball game, it o'er;
They leave the field of battle,
The opponents rather sore.

But thank goodness there's another;
And it won't be very long;
So let's down from our lofty perch,
And join the cheering throng.

V. S. '12

Robt. H., (in Civics)—"Well, er-ah, I can't express myself, but—"

Voice, (in rear)—"Take the next freight."

Frank McC., (in Civics)—"The county commissioners control the construction of roads and—and—a—the janitor at the court house."

Mr. Thomas—"How did you ever get out of the East Building?"

Jay H.—"When there was a fire signal, I went out the window. When it was time to go home, I went out with the rest of 'em."

Paul B., (1st German)—"Dann stillte er seinen Durst" ("Then he quenched his thirst.")

Miss M.—"Now translate it Paul."

P. B.—"Then he stole a drink."

Alice K., (reading in English)—"It is accustomed for everyone on visiting Shakespeare's home to sit in his chair and the chair had to be new 'buttoned (bottomed) at least once in three years."

(Musser L. to Fred R.)—"Fred, come over and sit down." Fred—"I'd rather stand up. I interviewed father at noon."

"As long as the world rolls on" is the title of the song Wavelene Clark sang in chapel some time ago. It is still rolling and she has not sung it since.

Lines physics oft remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And by asking foolish questions,
Take up all of J. Hawk's time.

L. B.

PERVERTED PROVERBS.

You can send a Freshman to High school, but you can not make him think.

It is a wise Junior that knoweth his own lessons.

Brains in a Junior are a subject for wonder, and a mystery forever.

All that glisten are not stars.

A wise Junior, when found, make a note of it.

Many are cold, but few are frozen.

HER HAIR.

Mr. Hawk—"Now Mary Frame, think hard."

Hazel W.—"Yes, Mary, burn some phosphorus."

Voice—"She is, don't you see the flame."

Miss Perfect, (in 4th English)—"Next week I shall give you your test in 'England' (English)."

Cassidy—"My mustache saves me from lots of scrapes."

There was a boy named Howard Hall,
Who fell in the spring by a wall;
'Twould have been a sad thing,
Had he died in the spring.
But he didn't, he died in the fall.

Expiriment—Klx2S. Apply in the dark. Girl wanted to assist in this experiment. J. Hawk.

Miss Davidson, (in Civics)—"Now we shall begin our work at once, if not sooner."

Mr. Hawk, (in chem.)—"Walter, give the definition for halogens?"

W. Marshall—"Well, 'halo' means circle and 'gens,' means family, so I suppose it means 'family circle.'"

A NEW INVENTION.

A new top piece for ladies made of light metal with perforated places for hat pins. Requires no combing is lighter and more sanitary than hair from Malay and Austrian corpse and can hardly be told.

Oh! Pupils of Lancaster High,
Understand the reason why,
Real students are produced each year;

From this our school, now listen here,
All teachers, by their words and looks,
Can teach us all that's in our books,
Unknown to us, how hard they wrought;

Lest we might not be rightly taught
They made us study, don't you see?
Yet we still love our faculty.

T. L. B.



BASE BALL TEAM.



BASKET BALL TEAM.

THE SENIORS.

It was nineteen hundred five,
That we came to L. H. S.,
Teachers said we were alive;
Superintendent answered, "yes."
They tested us 'most every day;
But all we heard the teachers say,
Was "keep up, you are on the way!"
Only Freshmen!

At the close of our first year,
When we had received our cards;
We were all rejoiced to hear,
That we as sophmores were still
pards.

We had all the rest out-classed,
Who were sophmores in the past,
Our field of knowledge? Very Vast!
Distinguished Sophmores!

On the records of our school,
Not a better one is found;
Than our class, which as a rule;
Has been judged "forever sound."
When we find a task is hard,
We stick to it—ne'er retard;
Hence good records on each card!
Respected Juniors!

In the High School of today,
And the High School of tomorrow,
All the high class folks will say,
Not a trifle to their sorrow—
That this class, which now goes out,
Will succeed, don't have a doubt;
For they've found the proper route!
Honored Seniors!

Now to those we leave behind,
We express a heart-felt want;
Bring to use your power of mind,
And forget the words, "I can't,"
There are others, don't you see,
Who have taught us patiently—
We must tell our faculty!
Thank you!

T. E. B. '9

Norman E., (translating Ger.)—"He
had a smooth complexion."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest of all is, "stung again."

First Caesar Pupil—"How much of
the 25th chapter have you translated?"

Second C. P.—"All but the last
sentence."

1st C. P.—"Why it has only one
sentence."

Earl Tobin—"Always saying 'Grace'
always praying for 'Grace'"

Copied verbatim from a freshman's
note book, with apologies to Miss
Musser's Physical Geography class.
"Man is clay, mixed with carbonate of
lime and sand and is used for fertil-
izer."

There is a young fellow named Jack-
son,
Whose brain has remarkable action,
As an author he's cute and witty to
boot,
And for him are girls an attraction.

What Webb told a Junior referring
to Senior class play—"Yes Jack is
pretty good, but you ought to see
Hazel and me."

There is not a student that has
been in Miss Davidson's study hail
the last term, but who is familiar
with her high heels.

Karl Eyman, (in German reading)
—Willkommen in Deutschland, said:
"As Miss Klein seated herself on the
piano, etc. Of course, he meant at, but
you must take a Dutchman as he
means, not as he says.

THIS IS ELL!

Lancaster High!
Let her clear cry
Leap to the sky!
Long praises ring.
Learning is fine.
Loose no good time,
L. H. for mine,
Loudly we sing.
Lonesome we'll be,
Left on world's sea,
Longing for thee,
Lancaster High!
Long may she dwell in the realms of
success!
Lucid minds spring from her tender
caress,
Let every student her brave efforts
bless.
Lancaster High! Lancaster High!

Miss Perfect—"What is the figure
of speech?"
Alice Kunderling, (with emphasis)
—"Hyperbole."

Mabel Clare S. (at tennis in gym)
—"Oh, I wish I had a good racquet"
and immediately the Freshmen began
to make one above.

Miss Perfect—"Edward, can you
give me an example of a hyperbole?"
Edward A.—"Yes, ma'am, I can."
Miss Perfect—"Very good; sit
down."

FACULTY ACCORDING
TO SHAKESPEARE.

Lacie Perfect—"Love's Labor's
Lost."

Anna Davidson—"All's Well that
Ends Well."

Eunice Thomas—"Mid Summer
Night's Dream."

L. D. Thomas—"Comedy of Er-
rors."

J. H. Hawk—"Much Ado About
Nothing."

W. C. Brashares—"Julius Caesar."

C. C. McCracken—"What You Will."

Ethel Musser—"The Tempest."

Mabel Curtiss—"As You Like It."

L. Derbyshire—"O, wad some power
the giftie gie me to see myself as
ithers see me."

Miss P., (in English)—"Who can
give the principal parts of drink?"
Karl M.—"Drink, drunk, broke."

Mr. Cassidy—"Does He Know
Much?" (Relating to F. Kiefaber.)
Mr. Brashares—"He not only knows
that he doesn't know much, but he
knows enough to keep others from
knowing it."

Money is the root of all evil. That's
why I'm so good. Mr. Hawk.

Pupils, (reading Hamlet)—"What a
piece of work is man! How noble in
reason! How infinite in facilities:
In form and moving how express and
admirable! In action how like a
angel! In apprehension how like a
god!"

Senior—To be or not to be, that
is the question—Earl T.

K. Griffith—"The sunbeam came
along with him."

Isabelle Miller, (in leap year) to
Harry Jackson—"Oh, dear Harry,
won't you marry me?"
H. Jackson—"Oh, quit your kiddin."

Did she mean antimony? Mr. H.—
"Mary, name an element which will
ignite spontaneously if dropped into
chlorin."

Mary F.—"Alimony."

J. Short—"A still, small voice."

Miss Musser—"Launcelot, I'm afriad
you don't like me."

Launcelot M.—"You must remem-
ber the course of true love is never
smooth."

Mary Hershberger—"Her brow was
always thoughtful."

Appropriate Quotations by a Close Student of the Bible.

MR. BRASHARES.

"Get thee behind me, Satan."
Matt. XVI-23.

MR. THOMAS.

"It is not good that man should be
alone." Gen. II-18.

MISS CURTISS.

"Put not your trust in princes."
Pp. CXLVI-3.

MISS MUSSER.

"All things to all men."
1 Cor. IX-22.

MR. MCCrackEN.

"A by-word among all people."
1 Kings IX-7.

MISS DAV N

"Pearl of great price."
Matt. XIII-46.

MISS PERFECT.

"A word spoken in due season."
Prov. XV-23.

MISS THOMAS.

"Be of good cheer."
Matt. XIV-27.

MR. HAWK.

"And Satan came also." Job 1-6.
K. M. '09.

Commend married life to everyone,
but keep yourself an old maid.
Miss C.

Or, keep yourself an old bachelor.
J. H.

Thomas—"We fall in love, but
walk into business."

Charles D., (in Physics) — "Mr.
Hawk, can't you work that by elec-
trology?"

There was a young lady named
Carmon,
Who surely did shine in fourth
German;
While others were thinking,
This lassie was winking,
And cutting up something alarming.

Miss Curtiss, (at staff meeting) —
"This is the funniest day I have ever
seen. See all the black stuff hang-
ing around the edges?"

Since Herr Thomas is married,
would that make his wife an heiress?
(herress)

When the lazy days are here,
Don't you feel
Just a trifle tired and queer?
And to steal
A few minutes of nice dozing,
Would make you for all a-posing;
All whose joy is always nosing,
Sehr zu viel.

When your lessons are so dry,
And you think
That you'll have to sleep or die,
In a wink
You are nodding in a way,
That to everyone does say,
I'm so sleepy, go away,
Let me blink.

But the ringing of the bell,
You must go;
Wishing all books were in—well,
Tokio.
Through your lessons you go dimly,
And your grades look very slimly;
For the teacher eyes you grimly,
'Till you go.

Thus the year has passed away,
You have paled.
For the coming of that day
When assailed
With facts that do not lie:
Show your grades are not sky high;
So what's the use to try,
When you've failed.

H. J. '09

EXCHANGE.

Why is a month in Kansas short-
er than elsewhere?
Because the wind blows at least
two days out of a week.

○○○

A lie has no feet and cannot
stand alone; but it manages to
travel pretty fast for a cripple.

○○○

A way to get rid of freckles and
warts. Eat a raw cucumber for
nine nights before retiring and the
freckles and warts will positively
disappear—from the cucumber.

○○○

To keep hair in—Don't go out
or knot it on the inside.

○○○

A large white onion eaten slow-
ly removes the odor of vanilla ice
cream from the breath.

Lines to Billy.

Oh, here's to our principal, Billy,
Who treats all us Seniors quite chilly,
When we go thru town,
In a black cap and gown,
For he thinks all such "red tape" quite
silly.

And here's to his old pet word "snob"
Which he uses in every good job
Of lecturing us,
For making a fuss
And pretending that we cut the gob.

Here's wishing him long life and merry;
May he ne'er have a class more con-
trary

To take up his time
And to write him a rhyme
Which in meter surpasses Old Harry.

May his troubles be lighter than soap-
suds,
And may others receive all the hard
rubs;
May he live to grow old,
May his brain never mould;
May his wife never scold o'er the wash-
tubs. '09.

THOUGHT IT WAS AN EX- PLOSION.

Mr. Hawk: (misunderstanding
the cause of a noise in the lab. oc-
casioned by a combat between K.
M. and E. B.) "Edward, Edward,
keep that ether away from the
fire!"

DID SHE MEAN AMENDMENTS?

Miss Davidson (in civics class)
"Harry Jackson, what are the
fourteenth and fifteenth command-
ments."

The last triumvirate—Billy { Brashares
Taft
Bryan

Louise Plinke (translating German)
—"Hermann sat up and rolled in the
doorway."

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Harry Jackson.

Karl H. Eyman.

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Effie M. Moody.

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